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## COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

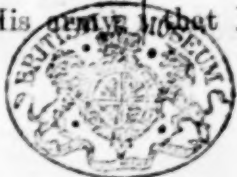
THE fate of Europe, at this most critical juncture, is hanging upon the fortunes of a single man. Even Napoleon III., the would-be arbiter of her destiny, is compelled to fold his hands, and patiently watch the progress of GARIBALDI. The Italian Liberator himself, absorbed in the great work which has hitherto prospered so marvellously under his direction, in all probability, has scarcely appreciated the extent of his influence upon every country in Europe. Devoted to the cause of Italian freedom, pursuing with single-minded earnestness the noble purpose with which a lofty ambition has inspired him, he has not had time to consider the varied effects which success or failure may produce upon the Government and people of almost every country upon the Continent. To every foreign capital messages flash daily from the Peninsula; and we, who are calmly looking on, can best appreciate their significance by observing their effects upon the public and official mind. The foundations of the great European edifice are being undermined by the stout arm whose blows are now echoing throughout the whole civilized world, and in the crash which must ensue, the rottenest portions of the structure will be destroyed. We who dwell in a substantially-built outhouse may contemplate with comparative security the falling timbers; our only care will be to see that out of them no enterprising plunderer shall raise a tower which may imperil the safety of our own isolated abode. To ensure this it may become necessary for us to assist in propping up the most substantial portion of the neighbouring edifice. At the risk of being considered premature, let us glance behind the curtain, at the scene which the next act in the great drama will probably display to the gaze of the great European audience.

The first scene of the first act was Sicily; the second, Naples. The curtain falls before Rome. Then will come an interlude, during which the diplomatic orchestra, under the able and skilful direction of a celebrated French conductor, will execute some elaborate and complicated pieces of his own composition. The graceful waving of his magic wand will draw forth just the tones he requires from the bass fiddle of Mr. Bull, who is generally ready to play innocently into his hands; nor will the other artists be allowed to execute flourishes of their own. Then the little bell will tinkle, and the curtain rise, and we shall see, not the city upon seven hills, as we expected, but the Bride of the Sea, waiting for her deliverer. The flight of the Pope will be reserved for the last scene, as being not only most effective, but more convenient for the development of the plot. For it is evident that if the Italian patriot makes an assault upon His Holiness at once, the protector of the head of the Church, in the person of the French Emperor, would be compelled to defend him, and an exchange of hard knocks between Louis Napoleon and Garibaldi would create an effect, and ruin the whole uniformity of the play. It is probable, therefore, that the first scene of the second act will be laid at Venice, and that, in the universal confusion which will be created during this part of the performance, which will be very noisy, means will be taken to withdraw the French troops from Rome, under some plausible pretext, and while the attention of the spectators is riveted upon the more exciting episodes in the piece. Thus the unpleasant dilemma into which Garibaldi would force the Emperor, by advancing directly on Rome, would be avoided.

Meantime the attack on Venetia is the spark which will blow up the magazine. Garibaldi, unassisted by a foreign ally, can hardly hope to drive the Austrians out of the Quadrilateral. His army, which

is admirably adapted for guerilla warfare, is scarcely in a condition to sit down before Mantua, and undertake a protracted siege. It is quite certain, on the other hand, that the Austrians, when attacked, will exchange defensive for offensive operations. It has even been supposed that it is the policy of the Austrian Government to strike the first blow; this, we have the best information for asserting, is not the case; but they will not rest satisfied with offering a successful resistance. If they are so unwise as to push the war into the enemy's camp, French interference becomes inevitable. The great results of the North Italian war must be made good, and the Emperor will feel bound to see that the objects which it has cost France so much blood and treasure to achieve are not defeated. The intervention of France in favour of Garibaldi will be the signal for the mobilization of the Prussian army, and a declaration of war with France, in pursuance of the engagement entered into between the Prince Regent and the Austrian Emperor at Toplitz, by which the former pledged himself to interfere in favour of the latter, should any portion of the Austrian territories be again attacked by France. The march of the Prussian legions on the Rhine will remove the interest of the plot from Venetia to the provinces of the Rhine; while Garibaldi is holding his own at Venetia, the struggle will be waging fiercely on the western frontier of Prussia; and the attention of Austria will be divided between the war in Italy and that in which, as a member of the Germanic Confederation, she will have to take part on the Rhine. While the states of Germany, stimulated by the recollection of their last struggle with France, and its disastrous consequences, are thus straining every nerve to regain the prestige they lost upon that occasion, and to preserve the integrity of their frontier, it is not to be supposed that outlying states, with old-standing grievances and traditional animosities, are to remain passive spectators, or that the French Emperor will fail to awaken every sentiment of jealousy or hatred which now lies dormant. Thus an opportunity will be afforded to Denmark of settling the long-pending Schleswig Holstein question, which, although to some extent arranged after the late war, from which she emerged victorious, still presents points of difficulty, which would in all probability, on the death of the present king, embroil her in hostilities with Prussia.

But Denmark and Italy would not be the only allies upon which France could count in the event of her engaging in a war with Germany. With Austria fully occupied on two sides, Hungary would be in active revolt. It is well known that during the late war every success of the allied French and Italian arms was hailed throughout Hungary as an additional step gained towards their deliverance; that the gloom which the peace of Villafranca cast over the patriotic spirits of Italy was not more profound than that which exercised its depressing influence upon the Hungarian national party; that since that peace was concluded the revolutionary spirit in Hungary has been increasing; that the concessions now promised by the Austrian Government fail to satisfy them, and that nothing short of an entire compliance with all their demands will prevent a revolution, when the approaching European conflict presents a favourable moment. If Hungary receives the modified constitution of 1848 before Garibaldi attacks Venetia, Austria may feel no uneasiness for the eastern portion of her empire; but if the Cabinet at Vienna are so benighted as to refuse this concession, the attack on Venetia will be the signal of a national rising throughout Hungary. It is impossible to suppose that Russia can regard this event with indifference. She will be





divided between fears for some of her Slavonic provinces and the intense animosity she feels towards Austria for the selfish policy she displayed during the late Crimean war, when her obligations to Russia for the intervention which crushed Hungary in 1848 failed to enlist her in the cause of her benefactor; it is, indeed, whispered that the Hungarian liberal party have negotiated with the Russian Government upon this subject, through the medium of French diplomacy, and that the engagement which was entered into at St. Petersburg by Count de Morny, and which, like that of Plombières, does not affect to be a treaty, comprises a stipulation for Russian non-intervention in the event of a Hungarian rising.

It is very evident that if Russia can preserve tranquillity in her own provinces she has everything to gain from such an event. The Austrian empire is at present the great barrier to Russian aggression on Turkey. The dismemberment of one empire would be the first step towards the dismemberment of the other, and Russia might contemplate with satisfaction the absorption of a considerable share of both. Hungary left to itself, possibly weakened by internal dissensions arising between the Kossuth and the aristocratic parties, with many internal discordant elements to reconcile, would fall an easy prey to Russia, whose intrigues in the trans-Danubian-Slavonic provinces would now fructify. For it is not to be imagined that the Christians in Turkey would look calmly on at Italy and Hungary in revolt, and their fellow Christians in Syria enjoying French protection while they still submitted to Ottoman rule. A revolution in Turkey is as certain as one in Hungary, and it will be carried on under the combined auspices of the French and Russian Governments, but more especially the latter, as the former will for the present be fully engaged elsewhere. Perhaps the prospect of the annexation of a considerable part of Turkey to Russia, and of the Rhine provinces to France, to be followed by Belgium, may induce us to take part in the pleasant little complication, the possibility of which we have thus shadowed forth.

We do not presume to offer an opinion upon the policy for the British Government to pursue under these very difficult circumstances. Our sympathies with the liberal party may lead us to side with Russia, Garibaldi, Louis Napoleon, and Kossuth, against United Germany and the Sultan; or our instinct of self-preservation may lead us to make French interference in behalf of Italy a *casus belli*, and leave Garibaldi to be crushed by Austria. We merely indicate, in the rough, some of the probable leading features in the impending catastrophe, and wish our statesmen well through it.

#### THE PROGRESS OF EVENTS IN CHINA.

OUR last intelligence from China is not of a satisfactory nature. The expedition to the north had been detained by a series of gales, and the season was already so far advanced that, in all probability, the commanders-in-chief will think it desirable to postpone operations until September. We understand that, in so far as the organization of the British portion of the force was concerned, it had been completed some time since, and we were only waiting for our allies to proceed to the rendezvous. We were quite prepared, by our previous experience of that organization on which our Gallic neighbours so especially pride themselves, to learn that it is as defective upon this occasion as it was during the operations of 1858. We do not mean to impute to our allies inefficiency in this respect as a general rule. For European warfare, there is no doubt that the French army has always proved itself admirably equipped. It is only when operations have to be undertaken at a distance, and the scene of war possesses but slight national interest, that a carelessness is betrayed which, in the present instance, is calculated seriously to increase the expenses and prolong the period of hostilities in China. The war in that quarter has been entered into for a political purpose, in which French feeling is in no way involved. The Emperor felt himself compelled to join with us again in revenging the insults which had been offered to the allied flags at the mouth of the Peiho, and hurried the necessary troops to those distant regions under the command of a General who had earned for himself an ill reputation in Algeria, and whose force is composed of the scum of the French army.

The British troops alone, which are despatched to the north, and which are to take an active share in the operations at the mouth of the Peiho, consist of 10,000 men; a force of 3,000 men will be left at Canton; a depot battalion and a Madras Native Infantry regiment will garrison Hong-Kong, while the newly-acquired promontory of Kow-loon, situated on the mainland opposite to Victoria, and the possession of which has long been considered essential to the convenience and prosperity of Hong-Kong, will be occupied by a regiment of Sikhs and a force of 400 Europeans. A convalescent depot will be formed at Chusan, or the neighbouring Island of Pootoo, at present tenanted only by priests, and dedicated to the mysteries of Bhuddism. Its sacred groves will form a charming and healthy retreat for our invalids, who will be provided, for their protection, with a guard of 500 men.

The base of operations in the Gulf of Pecheli will, in all proba-

bility, be the town of Cheefoo, on the northern shore of the Shantung promontory. Here supplies are abundant, the harbour secure, and the climate healthy. It is distant about 120 miles, or fourteen hours' steaming, from the Takoo forts at the mouth of the Peiho. Here the superfluous strength exceeding the force of 10,000 men, to which the expedition is limited in the field, will be left in reserve. There are the usual rumours rife of a disposition on the part of the Chinese Government to yield, and the usual conviction in the Chinese popular mind that we shall be beaten if we attempt to take the forts. There is the usual report of rebel success, of panic in the imperial troops, and of an impending crisis. We even hear that the Governor of Shanghai has fled, and placed the town under the protection of the English, so that while we are attacking one portion of his Celestial Majesty's dominions we shall be protecting another. This should, in fact, be an additional card in our hand, and we have no doubt that Lord Elgin will avail himself of the anomalous condition of the internal affairs of China as a valuable lever with which to act upon the Government.

His Excellency, by the last accounts, had reached Hong-Kong, and proceeded at once to the north. At Singapore he had, as we learn from the *Times* correspondent, in the exercise of a wise judgment, assumed the responsibility of ordering the Sikh regiment which had volunteered for active service in China, and been most improperly detained at Singapore, to Hong-Kong. Just three years had elapsed since His Excellency had taken upon himself a still weightier responsibility, and on his arrival at the same spot, diverted the whole of the first expeditionary force from its original destination to Calcutta, thus saving Lucknow and Bengal. The allied ambassadors will, doubtless, accompany the present expedition to the Gulf of Pecheli, and we trust will proceed with the army to Tien-tsin, as the occupation of that city by the allied troops is absolutely essential to the success of the undertaking in which they are engaged. We say the allied troops: but in the event of the French not being in a sufficiently advanced state of preparation to commence this enterprise simultaneously with ourselves, it is to be hoped that this consideration will not be allowed to operate as a cause of delay. We are well aware that it is the opinion in certain quarters that the military movement ought not to end at Tien-tsin, but that our troops should be pushed to the gates of the capital. Apart from the physical obstacles which oppose themselves to such an undertaking, we believe that, in a political point of view, it will be found inexpedient.

It is impossible to estimate the consequences of the flight of the Emperor and his Court from Peking, which would assuredly be the result of such a measure. It would probably unhinge the whole government of the empire, and involve us in as many difficulties as the Chinese authorities themselves. Even if this were not the case, it might have the effect of inducing the Emperor to remove the seat of government to another more remote and less vulnerable part of the empire. The arrival of the allied force at Tien-tsin, upon the last occasion, brought the Government to terms, and there is no reason why it should not do so again. Upon that occasion, when the treaty was made, the pressure was removed. This time it must be retained, and we hope to hear that, among the stipulations of the new treaty, will be the opening of Tien-tsin as a new port. It should be made the permanent station of two or three gun-boats, and the residence of our ambassador, who should, during the earlier period of his stay there, be protected by an adequate European force. An establishment of this nature only at a point fifty miles distant from the capital, and which has been properly regarded as the key to it, will ensure us against the recurrence of any future difficulties at the mouth of the Peiho, which river should, by treaty, be defined as the recognised highway to Peking, while the reconstruction of the forts at its entrance should be prohibited. As a preliminary to this arrangement, however, a visit by the allied ambassadors to the capital is necessary, and we trust that this vital step will form part of the programme which it is in the contemplation of the ambassadors to carry out. We have little doubt that a treaty thus consummated, and containing these stipulations, will prove lasting; and that we shall have no reason in the end to regret the expense which has been incurred in obtaining it, or to deem those measures harsh which, if energetically carried through now, will secure us a substantial peace, and save us the constantly-recurring difficulties which are alike injurious to our prestige, and attended with the most disastrous consequences to the Chinese themselves.

#### ANOTHER AMATEUR DIPLOMATIST.

MR. LINDSAY'S mission to the United States is at once voluntary and persuasive. He is not invested with authority by our Government, and is to rely entirely on his own eloquence to induce the American Government to give additional freedom to navigation. Having made his own way from a humble beginning up to great wealth, and now being one of the largest ship-brokers and ship-owners of the world, he may have an influence over the Americans which a man born wealthy could not acquire. His ambitious undertaking, however, seems too plainly suggested by that of Lord Ashburton, some years ago, and Mr. Cobden's late success, to



be regarded as a bold stroke of genius before which all obstacles fall away. What his persuasive power may be, over the American Democracy, the body he must influence, cannot be known, but while Mr. Cobden has led the multitude here by his terse eloquence, Mr. Lindsay has not always been patiently listened to by his own fraternity. As a ship-owner, his motives will be suspected. Already our ocean-steamers succeed in competition with those of the United States—they carry off the principal part of the passenger traffic; and he is avowedly to procure additional advantages for them. He will not find a favourable auditory, nor does he go at a propitious time, for the people are intensely interested in the contest for the Presidency; and the American shipping interest, the prejudices of which he is to assail is not so flourishing as to be extremely placable. Nevertheless we heartily wish him success; and should he obtain it, his merit will be the greater for the difficulties he will have surmounted.

The shipping of the world is only now beginning to recover from the debility following excess. More than any other interest, it was influenced by the gold discoveries; afterwards came an unusual demand for transports, to convey two large armies to the Crimea; and between 1852 and 1857 it prospered amazingly. All its resources were insufficient to meet the demand. In the four years 1852-1856, the Americans built on the average 488,000 tons of shipping yearly, while the average quantity built in the four previous years was only 280,000; in 1858 the tonnage built declined to 242,000, and last year to 156,000. Our own shipping, in the same interval, was also rapidly, though not equally augmented, and suffered, though not equally to the American shipping, in 1858 and 1859. The amount of tonnage built and registered in America in 1859 declined from the average of the four preceding years 58 per cent.; the decline of our shipping was only 15 per cent. It is now comparatively flourishing, and the Americans will not be ready to alter a law which they erroneously suppose—and Mr. Lindsay's mission strengthens the supposition—gives an advantage to their shipping over ours.

They may, indeed, be informed, that the lesser decline in our shipping than in theirs, while our coasting trade is thrown freely open to all the world, and they preserve the monopoly of theirs, is a proof that the monopoly is injurious to them. In fact, it has encouraged them to believe that they would derive greater benefit from it than is possible; and so they were led to build an excessive number of ships. Had the trade to California been open to competition from the first, it would at once have been shared by other shipping, and the expectations of the American ship-owners would not have reached such extravagant dimensions. What we regret most in Mr. Lindsay's mission is the encouragement it is likely to give to the errors of the Americans. It implies that the monopoly is advantageous to them, —and gives them a superiority which we wish to abate. The fact, however, is, that we abolished our Navigation Laws not for the advantage of the Americans or the French, or any other people, but for our own advantage. We are satisfied with the result. It has proved eminently beneficial to ourselves, and our example will in time be much more persuasive than Mr. Lindsay's eloquence. We want to convince the Americans that the utmost freedom of navigation is for their advantage, and this is more likely to be retarded than promoted by those direct efforts which are supposed to spring from interested motives.

It is deeply to be regretted that the Americans generally, but especially those of the northern and eastern states, who are the chief ship-owners, should be inimical to free-trade; but the fact is easily explained. Those states were peopled when the system of encouraging trade by monopolies and regulations was in full vigour. They carried with them all the old political prejudices of Europe. Great Britain flourished in conjunction with the old system, though in spite of it. Circumstances, including a body of men devoted to literature, with leisure to investigate political subjects, have taught us better; but the Americans still cherish the old belief that a state can make trade flourish by regulations. They continue high tariffs therefore, to encourage their own cotton, their own iron, and their own woollen manufactures, and they retain the trade between the Atlantic and Pacific as a coasting-trade exclusively in their own hands, to encourage their own shipping. The error is deplorable; but nations are not to be suddenly reasoned into knowledge and truth.

Amongst the political writers of America are many who inherit the animosity of the Irish to English modes of thought; and others who still believe that England, as before the separation, seeks her own greatness by monopolizing trade. Against such passions and prejudices, which predominate in the Northern and Eastern States—which are strongest in those who claim to be the leaders of the Americans in the path of civilization—which are as much the creed of the so-called Republicans as their antipathy to slavery,—arguments can be of no avail. To succeed with the American Government, the American people must be convinced; and some converts might be made by a fervent, sincere, and zealous apostle of free-trade. Mr. Lindsay is not, we believe, such a man, and therefore but little good can be expected from his mission.

#### CANADA ;—THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT.

WHILE the old nations and old systems of Europe are in a state of ebullition, and their rulers are regarding each other with jealousy and distrust, the New World is busying itself with the more peaceful and pleasing occupation of hospitality and loyal demonstrations. Canada, with the minor British provinces of North America, is giving the Prince of Wales a reception which cannot fail to be grateful both to the recipient and to the donors. Among the numerous addresses presented scarcely one is to be found that has not allusion, more or less direct, to the moral and domestic excellences of the Queen. In no part of the empire are these qualities of the sovereign more highly appreciated than in the British provinces of America, and even in the United States; and it is well that the youthful Prince should, thus early in his career, learn how much greater is the majesty derived from virtue than the merely conventional majesty attributed in Europe to all who wear the crown and wield the sceptre. The attachment of a people to the institutions of their native land may make them loyal; but it is the character of the sovereign that can alone create an affection such as the Queen commands in her distant provinces.

This visit can hardly prove abortive. The Prince goes to Canada attended by those who, though of riper years, may still learn, at least some wholesome truths. For example, it may be discovered, in this journey, that fear of Downing-street, and respect for the Circumlocution Office, are not widely felt by Her Majesty's lieges in North America; and that the colonists cling to a British connexion in spite of many reasons to the contrary, too often given them by Whigs and Tories who hold the colonial seals at home, and know nothing of the wants and wishes of the colonies, or even of their geography. His Grace of Newcastle may be well employed in noting such under-currents of colonial life as may pass within his fathoming; for there is more to see and know of Canada than floats upon the surface of her lakes, or is expressed in the joyous acclamations of a gala day. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Newcastle will see the noble colony in her holiday attire, with her work-a-day clothes thrust out of sight; but it would be well for the Colonial Minister to make it his business to study the real character and aspirations—as well as the complaints and hardships of the people. He should hear what the backwoodsman and the new settler can tell him, as well as the story of the French *habitant* or the U. E. loyalist.

In reading that page of the world's history for which our own time is now furnishing the material, posterity will not fail to discern how little we comprehended the effect our policy was calculated to produce. Standing upon the vantage ground of a later day, with all the consequences revealed, the student will assume, with reference to ourselves, the position we now occupy in regard to the periods of the Commonwealth, the Restoration, and the accession of the third William—seasons of the seedtime of the harvest which, during the last half-century, it has been England's destiny to garner. As in the natural soil, so also in the political and social. If we sow tares we shall certainly not reap wheat. If the culture has been negligent, what may we expect but thistles? What were the seed and culture of our ancestors we, from experience of the crop, are now able to perceive. Did Cromwell believe that his Republicanism would lead to Roman Catholic Emancipation? Did the kingcraft of James II. anticipate the institution of Orangeism? Or, did the rejectors of Franklin's appeal for accommodation dream of the empire their obstinacy was to be the means of establishing? It is useless now to speculate on what might have been the advantages on either side, had the great colonies of America been retained by Great Britain. It seems hardly probable that so extended a territory, with a population that nearly approaches, if it do not already exceed that of the parent state, would long have remained a dependency. And though the results of the struggle for independence have been highly beneficial to both parties, a policy so palpably suicidal as that pursued by George III. and his ministers is not to be commended, because good arose out of it. Have we grown wiser in our day?

Does not history teach us that colonies are but the life-estate of nations, the title to which is either by consent or coercion, and the term of possession a contingency? Greece colonized successfully, because her colonization entailed no inferiority: it was incorporation. Roman colonization was little, if anything, better than a military occupation. France, too, in our time, has colonized after the Roman model; with what want of success is well known. England, the great mother of worldwide possessions, has spread her institutions and her tongue in every quarter of the globe. One of these offshoots has already become a powerful nation. There are two others, at least, that are approaching a sturdy maturity, demanding the most cautious vigilance.

With regard more especially to Canada, there are many reasons why the present generation of British statesmen should beware how they do injustice to so noble a possession. The visit of the Prince of Wales has drawn the eyes of Europe upon the British provinces of North America. Among these, Canada, as the largest and most important, stands out in strong relief. Her territorial extent and geographical position are



commanding; a consideration which the British statesman should not venture to ignore. Canada is no bauble, but is truly the brightest jewel in the Crown of England—a gem for which kings and nations might compete, and which, if incorporated with the United States, would form of the latter the most formidable empire in the world, and make of Great Britain the second, instead of the first Anglo-Saxon Power of Christendom. A slight put upon, or a wrong done to these millions of British people might entail consequences which all the circumlocution of Downing-street could not remedy. The thing has already happened, and there is nothing to prevent its recurrence, unless it be the better knowledge which the Prince of Wales and the Colonial Minister may bring home with them, for the future guidance of British statesmen and parliamentary majorities.

What, it may be asked, is the present grievance of the Canadians? We proceed to inform them, in the words of a correspondent from Quebec, whose letter is dated on the 24th of August:—

"Is it not (he says) a monstrous perversity, that after conceding to Canada a most liberal constitution, and recognising her right to independent action in all her social relations, the Imperial Government should have allowed itself to be betrayed or cajoled into even the semblance of bad faith with an important colony in the matter of the British and Canadian mail service? It was both a political and a moral delinquency which derogated from the dignity and character of British relations with the province, and from which the Government now suffers in the estimation of the Canadian people. The breach of faith, unfortunately, is not the whole sum of the offence. To this is added a positive and palpable slight which it is vain to attempt to disguise. The Cunard contract, and the apologetic subterfuges offered in explanation, would doubtless have excited some passing discontent; but it would have been merely for the time. The repetition of the affront—in the instance of the Galway subsidy—aggravated by the marked preference of an American to a Canadian port, was of a nature calculated to wound the *amour propre*, and to arouse the indignation of the colonists; and Lord Palmerston's Cabinet, as well as that of Lord Derby, may rest assured the Canadians hold them alike responsible for the offence. Is the retention of a colony like Canada to be pitted against the votes of Mr. Lever and Mr. Roebuck? Are the possessions of the empire to be jeopardized to secure the parliamentary support of Irish members?

"Recently, 'some persons from Canada' met certain members of the 'Barnacle' family in Downing-street, to confer upon the postal arrangements between that province and England. These gentlemen had not the slightest recollection that any one of them had ever given assurances to Canada that notice should be given, or that the claims of the province should be considered previous to any renewal of the Cunard contract. Nor could they imagine how injustice was done to Canada by sending the mails to New York, instead of sending them to Canada direct; how any ground of complaint that the Galway and America steam-ships were subsidized in preference to those of Canada could arise in the minds of Canadians; and why there was any objection to the sending of the mails 700 miles round, was beyond the comprehension of any Barnacle. Wondrous Barnacles! Simple colonists!

"To what end are lofty declamations or the granting of liberal constitutions, or rhetorical flourishes on the advantages of British connection, if British policy and British subsidies are to be made antagonistic to colonial interests? The experiences of 1776 and the warnings of 1837 have no moral for those who think a Tea Tax or a Stamp Duty the only means by which the allegiance of a people can be dissolved. We in Canada pray Heaven that the visit of His Royal Highness, attended as he is by those who should know how to look at things in a true light, may bear the fruit of a wise discernment, and perpetuate a connection which folly and mismanagement may easily endanger."

It is well, not only that the Duke of Newcastle, who is on the spot, but that our statesmen at home should know the feelings of the colonists. The Galway contract has been a bad business from first to last; and it will become still worse, if, having led to such dissatisfaction in Canada as our correspondent expresses, the means be not taken, at the earliest opportunity, to show the Canadians that no future contract will be made to their disadvantage.

#### TWO GREAT COMPETITORS.

**G**ARIBALDI marches from victory to victory. He is the man of the day and hour,—nay, of the very moment,—for the telegraphic wires may flash to us, between the hour at which these lines are written, and that at which they shall be printed, the heart-inspiring fact, that he has entered Naples at one gate, and that the king had departed at another, never again to wield the sceptre which he and his fathers have dishonoured. What has made Garibaldi the sole Liberator of Italy, when another great man competed with him for the character? Entirely his own virtue, patriotism, and straightforwardness, aided by the exhibition of opposite qualities in that other great man of the age who shares with him at this juncture the breathless interest of all Europe. A year ago Napoleon III. was regarded in England as the disinterested Liberator of Italy, the champion of freedom, the cardinal principle of whose policy was to be, henceforward, peace, and whose most cherished desire was to develop the internal resources of his empire, and secure, by an enlightened administration, its general prosperity. Germany was at that period broken up by conflicting interests, and destitute of that principle of cohesion in which alone its strength must consist. Prussia and Austria were

indulging in mutual recriminations,—the one reserved and indignant, the other crippled and rendered almost desperate by the humiliating results of the campaign in the North of Italy. Twelve months have produced a change so remarkable as to cause the great Emperor some uneasiness. He is no longer regarded as the Liberator of Italy, but as the despoiler of two of her provinces; and at the present juncture he enjoys the unenviable distinction of being the champion, not of freedom, but of the Pope and, as far as he dare, of the Bourbon dynasty at Naples. The pressure to which we predicted some weeks ago, that Garibaldi would be subjected, has been brought to bear upon him in its full force, and at the instance of the French Emperor. The unhappy King of Sardinia has been compelled to write autograph letters to the Dictator in a sense directly opposed to the wishes of his heart. Cavour has been tossed like a shuttlecock between Italian public opinion, and telegrams from the French capital, ordering him to outrage it. And, worst of all, the people of Italy have learned to execrate that interference which they hailed a year ago with such exuberance of ecstasy. But Garibaldi holds on his way triumphantly. The simple man is stronger than the tortuous one; and the mightiest potentate of our time has been held in check, and may be ultimately defeated in all his machinations by a soldier of fortune.

The distrust which manifests itself in the Peninsula by the sullen murmur of a discontented people, finds an altogether different expression in Germany, over which, as yet, the baneful influence has not extended. It has produced that long-desired *rapprochement* between the two leading Powers of Germany, which, in the present aspect of political affairs, seemed absolutely essential to their safety. The results of the meeting of the Emperor of Austria and Prince Regent at Toplitz have been in the highest degree satisfactory, by concessions on both sides, and a mutual determination to sacrifice petty jealousies to the national weal. A cordial alliance has been formed, which only requires to be extended to the smaller states to render the accomplishment of German Unity complete. It is unnecessary here to allude to the difficulties which have existed to render this union impossible. The most important point—the supreme military control of the armies of Germany, in case of war—we believe to be already settled. It is of the utmost consequence that all misunderstanding upon this head should be set at rest, and that, when the hour of danger arrives, Germany should present a compact and united front to the enemy.

Still further East, in the resistance offered by the Porte to the French Syrian expedition, we have another evidence of the same distrust; while, in our own country, an army of Volunteers, a levy for national defences by the Government, and the general tone of the Press, all prove the same tendency on the part of the public mind. In Italy curses,—in Germany meetings of crowned heads,—in Turkey stubborn resistance,—in England general armaments,—these are signs of the times which prove that the Emperor cannot direct the great power which he wields to the issues which he pleases, and that there are forces in operation in all Europe which move by a law and by a weight of their own, which France can neither alter nor diminish.

It is possible that the consciousness of the profound suspicions which attach to each new phase of the Emperor's policy throughout Europe may have the effect of retarding its development, with the view of calming the public mind, and regaining, in some degree, its confidence. We should hail with satisfaction any delay in the prosecution of those schemes of territorial aggrandisement which have been already, upon more than one occasion, shadowed forth. The success of Garibaldi in Naples will either defeat those schemes for a time, or give them a new and perhaps unexpected direction. A few days may suffice to show us which.

#### HANGING, AS A PUNISHMENT AND AS AN EXAMPLE.

**O**N Tuesday morning the filthiest, basest, and most dissolute and abandoned portion of the populace of London enjoyed the spectacle of a public execution in front of Horsemonger-lane Goal. From twenty to thirty thousand people, including large numbers of boys and girls—the boys with pipes between their lips, and the girls with indecent language on their tongues—saw, with far more than the satisfaction derivable from an ordinary holiday, the death-struggles of the miserable assassin, William Godfrey Youngman. Of all the wretches ever brought to justice, this was among the most fiendish. There was not a single redeeming feature in his case, from the first to the last. He laid a plot to defraud an insurance office of one hundred pounds; and in working out the excessively stupid project, he ruthlessly sacrificed the lives of his aged mother, of his betrothed wife, and of his two little brothers, one of whom had slept unsuspectingly at his own side on the night of the butchery. And having committed this unparalleled series of atrocities, he added to his ineffable villany, the cowardly lie that his mother was the murderer, and that he had only killed her in self-defence. Persisting in this lie to the last moment of his life, he walked calmly to the gallows, and was hung without making a confession. It is not

THE past of law in, and adding these, the extensive network of business transactions necessitates great subtlety in the great eloquence among the extension of which is formerly. The former was all agreeable



sufficient to say that the execration of the good attended this monster to his doom, but that the worst ruffians and scoundrels of London felt that such a creature was not of their class or kind, but something viler than had ever come within their knowledge. There is generally some sympathy for a common murderer, especially if he walk stoically to the gallows, and do not flinch from the hangman at the last moment. But for Youngman there was none. Greenacre and Daniel Good were respectable people in comparison. Atrocious as are the yet undiscovered murderers of the poor babe at Road, and of the wretched old woman at Stepney, they might, and doubtless would take credit to themselves for not being such base and cowardly fiends as William Godfrey Youngman. A murderer of ordinary bloodguiltiness might feel himself contaminated by the touch of such a man; and as for sympathy, most people would feel more for a wolf or a skunk.

But if we allude to this case, it is not to throw epithets at the senseless corse of a dead ruffian; but to show, if we can, that the punishment of death is not only too merciful towards such guilt as his, but that its infliction in the sight of the public is highly demoralizing and degrading. And first of all of the Death-punishment itself. It is an error to suppose, as the vulgar do, that Death is the severest punishment that can, in any case, be inflicted. John Sadleir, the great robber who poisoned himself on Hampstead Heath, knew of something more horrible and more intolerable than Death; and to escape that greater evil he voluntarily accepted and inflicted upon himself the lesser. Walter Watts, the forger—the gay man about town—the lessee of a theatre—the patron of actors, actresses, ballet-girls, and farce-writers,—knew, in his miserable cell at Newgate, after his conviction, that there was something worse than Death—something that he could not bear even to think of. To escape it, he took Death to his arms as his friend and counsellor, and hung himself.

A thousand, or fifty thousand such instances might be cited, if need were, not alone in the case of criminals such as these, but of men overburdened with care and anxiety, and with the fear of loss of social position staring them in the face, and haunting them in their dreams, to show that there are miseries worse than Death, and to which Death comes as a relief and a blessing. The common expression that "hanging is too good" for some criminals, conveys a truth that is not sufficiently recognised; and, for William Godfrey Youngman hanging was undoubtedly too merciful a punishment. But granting that law, and custom, and the state of public opinion would not permit, even in such a case as this, of the infliction of a lifelong torture, we may well reiterate the old question, Why should there be a public exhibition of the last agonies of this or any other murderer? The spectacle is brutalizing. It does not operate as an example. It only attracts the classes who would go in the same way to see a cock-fight, or a bull-fight, if either were allowed, and who vent profane jests at a consummation which, if it be not awful, is alike disgusting, cruel, and useless. Why should not such executions be private? The official presence of the sheriff of the county, the governor of the gaol, the gaol chaplain, the gaoler, and a deputation from the jury by whose verdict the man was found guilty, would be sufficient guarantee to the public that the sentence was carried into effect on the right criminal, with the proper decency. This piece of reform has been urged over and over again; but all to no purpose. The brutal mob appears to be as much of an institution in England as the Law itself; and if the Law have its victim, the Mob must have its holiday. Why this should be, surpasses reason to discover; but that it is, not alone the exhibition of Tuesday last, but a hundred others, are in evidence to prove. We are a conservative people; and, as our good friend the "Gouty Philosopher" might say, we must pay our dues, even in the execution of criminals, to the great conservative principle of STUPIDITY. We must punish one criminal in a prescribed fashion, even although by so doing we harden the hearts and deprave the souls of a thousand others.

#### THE NEW STAMP ACT.

THE past Session, though it has been barren of any great measures of law reform, has, nevertheless, effected some minor alterations in, and additions to the law, of considerable importance. Amongst these, the extension of the Stamp Acts holds a prominent place. The network of these acts may now truly be said to embrace almost every business transaction capable of being entered into, and every document necessary to give evidence of it. Mr. Gladstone exhibits as great subtlety of genius in small matters as comprehension of mind in the great fiscal revolution he has succeeded in effecting by his eloquence and industry.

Among the changes effected in the Stamp laws may be mentioned the extension of stamp duty to agreements, the subject-matter of which is of the value of £5 or upwards, instead of £20, as formerly. The duty hitherto imposed on the latter class of agreements was 2s. 6d., but now there is one uniform duty of 6d. on all agreements, with a progressive duty of the same amount, ac-

cording to their length. A thoroughly avaricious Chancellor of the Exchequer would have retained the duty on the £20 agreements, and would, nevertheless, have imposed the new duty on those above £5 as well. Doubtless Mr. Gladstone thought that the small uniform duty would be an inducement to all persons to stamp their agreements; and it is extremely probable his conjecture will prove to have been well based, for it has been of almost daily occurrence in courts of law—and particularly in the County Courts,—that written evidence of contracts has not been admitted, in consequence of the absence of the 2s. 6d. stamp. It is, not, however, thought that the increase will be so great as to add much to the revenue.

Another most important alteration is the virtual annihilation of agreements for leases, by requiring them to be stamped with the same duty as leases. By this, it is probable the revenue will gain considerably, as in hundreds of cases the agreement was not followed by the execution of the lease.

The extension of the penny stamp to cheques payable to self, is the most questionable of all the recent changes. It shows how easily the wedge can be driven in after the thin end has been inserted. When Mr. Disraeli subjected cheques payable to bearer, or order, to this imposition, there was a slight outcry; but now poor John Bull submits with patient resignation.

The remaining new burdens are, a penny stamp on certificates of birth, &c. Declarations, in lieu of affidavits, are subjected to the 2s. 6d. stamp, payable on the latter. This cannot be complained of, and the only wonder is that the former were ever exempt.

Delivery-orders and dock-warrants complete the list, being respectively liable to the duties of a 1d. and 3d.

It remains for the genius of a Gladstone to ferret out something else which has escaped his own observation and that of his lynx-eyed predecessors. In the mean time, let him not forget the old saw,—*Patientia læsa fit furor.*

EXCURSION TRAINS.—The time seems to be fast approaching when it will be necessary either absolutely to prohibit the running of excursion trains or to enforce by severe legal penalties the fitting means for their being conducted in such a manner as that the passengers shall not be exposed to such a wholesale massacre as has occurred within the past week. Until the coroner's inquest shall have been held we refrain from making further comment upon the accident which occurred a little before one o'clock on Tuesday morning, on the East Lancashire section of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, near Helmsore Station, about 18 miles north of Manchester. Ten persons were killed and fifty-six seriously wounded. A great party of excursionists had, it appears, gone to a *fête* at Belle Vue Gardens, near Manchester. Their number was so great that three trains were required to convey them home. All of these left Manchester before eleven o'clock at night. The first accomplished its journey in safety. The second, consisting of eighteen carriages, reached Helmsore soon after midnight, where the station stands on a steep incline, rising in some parts of the line one yard in fifty-two, and extending over several miles. At this place, when the second train again started to pursue its journey, the coupling-chain between the third and fourth carriages broke, and the fifteen sped away down the incline, moving slowly at first, but gradually gaining in speed as they descended. At three hundred yards from Helmsore, fortunately not farther down the line, they came into collision with the third excursion-train from Manchester, and such was the shock, that the two first of the descending carriages coming upon the engine of the advancing train, were shattered with a tremendous crash, which was immediately followed by the groans and cries of the wounded, and a fearful destruction of human life. In a case like this, the fault or crime,—for crime it is, if there have been negligence or carelessness in any quarter,—must be traced to its source. It will not do to sacrifice some poor stoker or other railway servant, if the company itself, in its over-anxiety for business and profit, have failed to take as much precaution in the public interest as any railway director would take in his own individual case. To run fifteen carriages, attached to each other, by one or more coupling irons, not fit to bear the weight of two-thirds the number, is a crime that deserves the punishment of principals as well as of accessories.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The Select Committee appointed to ascertain what additional space is required for the extension and arrangement of the collection of objects of natural history, relics of antiquity, and works of art belonging to the British Museum, have just published their report. Professor Owen, on the ground that varieties now possess equal importance with species, recommends the formation of a museum of natural history, which would cover ten acres. Fortunately for the public purse, his views are opposed by the whole of the other naturalists examined as witnesses, all of whom concur in recommending a more limited exhibition, on the typical principle of arrangement, which they say will meet all the requirements of the scientific student, and, at the same time, tend less to confuse the great mass of visitors. The Committee are opposed to the removal of the natural history collection to a less central position, and recommend to Government the immediate purchase of 5½ acres of ground surrounding the present buildings, to the north-east and west, which already belongs to one proprietor, its value being estimated at not more than £240,000.



**CRYSTAL PALACE.—ARRANGEMENTS for WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th.**  
**MONDAY, Open at Nine. DISPLAY of GREAT FOUNTAINS.**  
**TUESDAY to FRIDAY, Open at Ten.**  
**THURSDAY. LICENSED VICTUALLERS' FETE.**  
 Admission each day, One Shilling; Children, Sixpence.  
**SATURDAY, 15th. G. W. MARTIN'S GREAT CONCERT of 2,000 Performers.** Admission Half-a-Crown; Children, One Shilling.  
 Sunday, open at 1-30, to Shareholders, gratuitously, by tickets.  
**NOTICE.**—Half-Guinea Season Tickets, available from 1st SEPTEMBER till 30th APRIL, 1861, may now be had, at the Palace, at Exeter Hall, and the usual Agents.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—G. W. MARTIN'S PRIZE GLEES and NATIONAL PART SONGS.**—A Grand Performance, by a CHOIR of 2,000 VOICES, will take place in the Handel Orchestra, on SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th, 1860, commencing at Three o'clock. The Programme will include the following New Patriotic Part Songs:—"Our Saxon Fathers," "The British Constitution," "Defence not Defiance," "The Army and Navy," "The Rifle," "The Volunteer." Also the celebrated Prize Glees,—"All Hail!" and "Is She not Beautiful?" This will be the largest choir of part singers ever heard in this country.—Conductor, G. W. MARTIN.  
 Admission Half-a-Crown; Children under Twelve, One Shilling. Reserved Seats, Half-a-Crown extra, may be had at the Crystal Palace, or at Exeter Hall.  
 The New Half-Guinea Season Tickets admit to this Concert, and till 30th April, 1861.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—CLARA NOVELLO'S FAREWELL TOUR.**—TWO PERFORMANCES, on a large scale, of the CREATION and MESSIAH, will take place in the Handel Orchestra, on WEDNESDAY, the 26th, and SATURDAY, the 29th of SEPTEMBER. The Band will comprise the principal performers of the Norwich and Worcester Festivals, the band of the Crystal Palace Company, and numerous additions, professional and amateur. The Chorus will comprise members of most of the choral societies of the metropolis, forming in all an orchestra of about 2,000 performers. Principal Vocalists: M<sup>rs</sup>. Clara Novello, M<sup>rs</sup>. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Santley. Conductor: Mr. Benedict. Tickets of admission Half-a-Crown each; Reserved Seats, arranged in blocks, as at the Handel Festival, Half-a-Crown extra for each day; or a set of admission and reserved seat tickets for the two days, 7s. 6d., may be had at the Crystal Palace; at 2, Exeter Hall; or of the Agents of the Company.—Early application for forward reserved seats is requisite.

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## THE LONDON REVIEW

AND

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1860.

WE have now a connected history of the campaign of Garibaldi and his adventurous army since they disembarked on the shores of Calabria. It appears that Reggio was attacked simultaneously by troops marching upon it in opposite directions along the coast; that while the Neapolitan steamers rushed to the rescue, a third army under Cosenz crossed the strait in time to join the assailants; and that, finally, the fort was taken by a fourth party under Missori, who descended upon it from the hills, towards which it was completely exposed. With Reggio have fallen a whole string of batteries, which run along the Calabrese coast; so that Garibaldi is now in possession of both sides of the strait, and has secured the connection of his invading army with a base of operations in Sicily. The most important incident in his campaign on the mainland since the siege of Reggio was the capture, on the 23rd, of General Briganti's division, who had taken up a very badly-chosen position on a plain between the hills and the road running along the seaboard, amid garden-walls and orchard-trees which hid the advance of their enemies. When the Neapolitans first saw the enemy they opened fire with four great guns, as well as with musketry. There was no answer, however, from the invaders. Garibaldi had forbidden his troops to return fire. The enemy saw that they were surrounded, and a parley was come to. Then Garibaldi's presence of mind and promptitude did not desert him. He went down himself among the Neapolitans, and, instead of meeting with a cold reception, was nearly torn in pieces by the frantic admirers who rushed up to embrace him. The enthusiasm of the soldiers reached a crisis when he told them that they might disperse and go home to their families, which they gladly agreed to do, leaving behind them 2,000 stand of arms, 4 field-pieces, and 10 heavy guns. The invaders are, it appears by a telegraphic despatch, dated from Naples on Tuesday, still at Palmi, on their way northwards to Salerno and Eboli, where the decisive conflict with the Neapolitans is expected to take place. In the mean time, General Turr has landed, with four thousand men, in the Gulf of Policastro, half-way between the place where Garibaldi now is and the City of Salerno. The *Patrie* of Tuesday published a telegram, dated from Naples the previous day, stating that the Annexation Committee had received a communication from Garibaldi, to the effect that he would be in the capital on the 8th of September (this day), and, in the name of Victor Emmanuel, assume the Dictatorship of the Two Sicilies; that two Sicilian vessels had arrived the same day with troops, and that great preparations were making for a general illumination of the city. This may well be. If Garibaldi really goes to Naples to-day, he will of course proceed thither by sea, leaving his troops behind in Calabria.

The insurrection having broken out to the north of Naples, in the Terra di Lavoro, on the frontier of the Papal States, it is expected that it will spread further to the north on the news of Garibaldi's entrance into the Neapolitan capi-

tal, with his army of invaders. In anticipation of such an event, General Lamoricière has issued an order of the day, directing the Papal troops "to plunder any town that may rise on Garibaldi's approach." The Piedmontese Government, however, have resolved to interfere, should such barbarous measures be resorted to. With this view, and with the purpose at the same time of checking any movement on the part of the adherents of either Garibaldi or of Mazzini against Venetia, they are about to concentrate a large force on the frontier of the Papal States, which will intercept the advance of invaders from the south into the plain of Northern Italy.

Two regiments are, it is said, to be despatched from France to Rome to take the place of other troops who are to return, not now, but in the course of a short time. The French army of occupation, which is 15,000 strong, will, according to the *Patrie*, protect the city of Rome; while Lamoricière, with his 30,000 men, is engaged in defending the provinces. According to a more recent statement, the Emperor's instructions to the commander of the French troops is to defend not only Rome, but Civita Vecchia and Viterbo.

The *Moniteur* of Saturday applauds the course taken by Prince Joachim Murat in disavowing those who would in his name excite troubles at Naples, and at the same time informs him that the hope he expresses in his manifesto, of being able one day to go to Naples with the consent and support of France, is utterly at variance with the views and wishes of the Emperor. This puts an end to all danger from his interference in the present complication.

There is no fresh rumour of interference on the part of Austria; and it may well be that the state of the finances exhibited in a recent balance-sheet has served to damp the impetuosity of the Viennese Court. No important step has yet been taken by the Government on the reports of the committee of the Reichsrath; but tranquillity is still maintained in Hungary, although, according to a telegraph of Tuesday from Pesth, it is ascribed less to the measures of the Government than to the perfect unanimity with which the national movement has been secretly organized throughout the country.

In spite of the state of popular feeling in Hungary, the Magyar members of the Reichsrath abide by the opinion that an understanding may yet be brought about between their countrymen and the Austrian Government. They are opposed, however, by a large party in Hungary, who will not be satisfied with anything short of national independence, although it is difficult to see that the Magyar section of the inhabitants will receive any accession of power should the middle basin of the Danube be severed from the German states of Austria, and a state be formed with which the Slave and Rouman populations of Northern Turkey could scarcely fail to coalesce.

While this is the state of Hungary, very alarming news continues to be received from Bosnia, Servia, and Montenegro. In Servia the answer given by the Porte to the claims made by the Commission to Constantinople, regarding the succession to the crown, the limitation of the fort of Belgrade, and the banishment of Turks from Servia, have not given satisfaction, and Prince Milosch has written to the Central Government, that unless his demands are replied to categorically, he will take matters into his own hands, and enforce the claims of the Servians.

The discontent which prevails in all the distant provinces of Turkey will not excite surprise in the mind of any one who looks into the recently-published "Despatches from Her Majesty's Consuls in the Levant, respecting Past or Apprehended Disturbances in Syria, 1858-60." Feebleness is not the only accusation which must now be brought against the Turkish Administration: it is proved, by an array of startling facts, that the systematic policy of the Turks towards the Christian population of the East, for years back, and down to the recent massacres, has been dictated by religious bigotry, bitter and suppressed feelings of animosity against Europeans, and the savage instincts of a race who have adopted the mere outward gloss of civilization, without being acted upon by its humanizing influences. In the absence of a regular government in Syria, the peasants and villagers appear to have armed themselves, and to have organized a rude justice for the protection of life and property, administered by the petty sheiks, according to oral traditions, which they proudly denominated "God's Laws," in contradistinction to the city laws of the Cadi and his books. Among a population differing in race, language, and religion, denied the advantages of a regular police, yet supplied with arms and gunpowder, and encouraged underhand by the Government, to fight out their feuds, it is not surprising that the long course of villanous intrigue laid bare in these papers should have resulted in the catastrophe of Damascus.

The suspicions entertained at Beyrout, that Fuad Pacha would find means to allow wealthy and powerful offenders to escape, have proved unfounded. Seventy Mahomedan civilians, of all ranks, have been hanged; 110 soldiers have been shot, while 3,000 adult males have been forced to enter the army. The official report of Fuad Pacha, recording what he had done up to the 20th of August, has been forwarded to Constantinople, and thence transmitted to London, but it contains no fact in addition to those previously heard of in this country through the correspondents of the press.

Four thousand five hundred French soldiers have now disembarked at Beyrout—that is to say, fully two-thirds of the whole expedition. They are encamped outside the city, and their presence has caused a great fermentation in the mountains. In spite of what has been done, murders continue to be committed in various parts of Syria, and dread is entertained of a general rising among the Arab tribes to the south of the districts where the late

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outrages took place. The Anglo-American Relief Committee are making great exertions to alleviate the misery of the refugees who have assembled at Beyrout—the organization of hospitals and soup-kitchens having devolved entirely upon our countrymen, in the absence of all assistance from the Turkish Government and the Maronite clergy.

A reply of the American Government to a circular despatch from Lord John Russell, requiring the co-operation of the United States, in measures to suppress the slave-trade, has just been published. It raises objections to a proposal to introduce coolie in lieu of slave-labour, on the ground that its effect would be to demoralize the negroes now in slavery; and, indeed, it is evident that states which discourage the settlement of free negroes, as an element of insecurity, will not consent to the introduction of another degraded race enjoying privileges calculated to excite the envy of the enslaved class.

Stimulated, perhaps, by the success of Garibaldi, General Walker, a filibuster of the old and true stamp, has undertaken to found a slave-state in the western world, which will encourage and legalize the importation of Africans. At the head of an army of adventurers recruited at New Orleans, Mobile, and other seaports of the southern states, he recently disembarked in Honduras, and took possession of the town of Truxillo, after an assault in which twelve Spaniards were killed and eighteen wounded. He means, he says, to enter Nicaragua, whence he was expelled so ignominiously some years ago, and to establish a government there which will become the firm, serviceable, and natural ally of the slave-states.

The most important domestic intelligence of the week is contained in reports received from all parts of the island, that, despite the gloomy forebodings of last month, the grain crops will be of fair quality, and of more than average quantity.

There is a dearth of political news, the cause, no doubt being that parliamentary celebrities have too recently escaped from the hard work of last Session to think of anything but fresh air and recreation. Mr. Bright, however, from his retreat in Sutherlandshire, writes to the Secretary of the Walsall Reform Association a letter, published in the newspapers of Tuesday last, in which he declines to undertake another campaign during the recess in the cause of Parliamentary Reform. If, he says, the conduct of the Government and the House of Commons during the last Session is not enough to create some expression of opinion from the people, he has small hope that anything will rouse them to self-respect and self-defence. On the ground that no one can undertake to speak at meetings during the recess, and to attend Parliament during the Session, without overloading himself with labour and responsibility, he abandons the agitation in the mean time, recommending his correspondents, however, to stimulate local feelings and local efforts, which alone, he thinks, will ultimately lead to the formation of a strong public opinion favourable to parliamentary reform.

In the absence of all political excitement at home, the Rifle Movement commands such a large share of public attention that we cannot doubt it will soon be numbered among the institutions of the country. Last week a great meeting of the Volunteers of Forfarshire took place at Montrose, which seems to have been accompanied by balls, public sports, and an assemblage of the gentry of the country, as well as of the classes whose wont it has been to repair to such "gatherings." In an eloquent speech, delivered at the distribution of prizes to the successful competitors, Lord Elcho compared the 150,000 men who had been organized with such celerity into a great national militia, to the fabled army which sprang from the dragon's teeth sown in the ground. He had been told by general officers who were present at the review in the Queen's-park at Edinburgh, that with such a force they would be prepared to go anywhere, and to do anything.

There are three areas situated in distant parts of the empire where the railway system is highly developed, viz., the immediate neighbourhood of the English metropolis, the Lowlands of Scotland, and the great manufacturing districts of South Lancashire and the West Riding of York. The reviews at London and Edinburgh represented the Volunteer Movement in the two first districts. A third great muster, which took place at Knowsley, the seat of the Earl of Derby, on Saturday last, proved that, despite the politics of the Manchester school, the youth of the West of England have entered into the national movement with no less enthusiasm than those of the Eastern counties. The weather was magnificent; the place of meeting was one of the finest old parks in England, stretching in magnificent lawns and glades over an area thirteen miles in circumference; the number of Volunteers who mustered to the "weapon show" was 11,000, while the spectators present were estimated at 100,000; so that, even in the absence of royalty, the demonstration was not much less successful than those of Hyde-park, and the Queen's-park at Edinburgh. The proceedings terminated with a short speech to the officers by General Wetherall, and three "good old hearty English cheers" for Lord Derby.

At the quaint old city of Quebec the Prince of Wales was received on the 18th with great pomp, by the officers of state and the civic dignitaries. He held a levee on the 21st, the same day attending a ball, at which he distributed honours among various leading citizens. On the 24th he arrived at Montreal, where he was greeted with a no less enthusiastic reception. On the following day he laid the corner-stone of the great Victoria Bridge, amid the acclamations of the crowd assembled to witness the ceremony. His intelligence, good nature, and urbanity, are extolled by the Canadian and American newspapers.

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE happy change in the weather has had an immediate and beneficial effect on all business. It has at once revived hopes, lessened distrust, and increased enterprise. The anticipated further rise in the corn market has been changed into an actual decline. On Monday, at Mark-lane, the price of wheat fell from 2s. to 4s. per quarter, and a similar fall—though it have not yet occurred—is likely to ensue throughout the country. Meat also fell in price, making, with the fall which began last week, a difference of 4d. per stone. As confidence was restored, the readiness to lend money was increased, the money market became easier, bills were discounted below the Bank rate, there was more capital seeking investment, and the stock and share market immediately improved. The rise at first obtained in the funds and shares was not entirely continued—such changes being, as the rule, followed by a reaction,—and the market again became quiet. Something was due to a decline in the funds at Paris, the consequence of the changes going on in Italy. The ease in the money market, both now and prospectively, was increased by a considerable sum of bullion being carried into the Bank, and by the probability of less being required wherewith to buy corn abroad.

Every market felt the influence of the fall in the corn market, except the tea market, which is oppressed by the great stock on hand, and went backward. For all kinds of colonial produce, except rice, which is governed by the price of corn, and generally rises or falls with it, the demand has been active, and prices have tended upwards. Probably there never was a more sudden and more beneficial change in the aspect of all business, and in the feelings of the whole community, than has ensued from September setting in fine and warm. Uneasiness was at once at an end, and, if we may not hope for the cheapness and abundance of 1858 and 1859, we are relieved at present from all apprehensions of excessive dearness and great scarcity.

This change could have no effect on the manufactures carried on for India and other Asiatic markets, and the last accounts from that country being unfavourable, the reports from our manufacturing districts are not good. There is comparative slackness both in the cotton and iron districts; but the complaints from the latter, particularly Staffordshire and the West of England, are more the consequence of greater and cheaper produce obtained from the northern iron-works than any great falling-off in the demand for iron. The uses to which this metal is now applied are so many and so various, and are so continually increasing, that there is no probability of the producers suffering, except from their own excessive competition to surpass one another.

The fatal accident on the Lancashire and Yorkshire line immediately lowered the value of the shares, and all railway property was slightly affected, making manifest the connection which exists between it and the safety of the public. A large pecuniary fine is, in fact, thus immediately levied for every kind of accident, which is a strong motive for care.

Consols closed on Thursday at 93½, and London and North-Western railway shares at 101, ex div.

At this period of every quarter, when the public funds are closed to make up the accounts, the Bank of England is always ready to make advances on deposits of stock and other approved securities; and as Consols are now closed, the Bank has given the customary notice. Between this and the payment of the dividends in October, the advances on loans by the Bank to the public will be much increased.

It is worth while to place before our readers an account copied from a new edition of "Fenn's Compendium of the English and Foreign Funds," edited by Mr. P. L. Simmonds, F.R.G.S., of the capital of some of the principal securities dealt in at the Stock Exchange:—

British funded and unfunded debt	...	...	£805,000,000
British railway shares and debentures	...	...	325,500,000
Indian railway shares held in England	...	...	26,500,000
Colonial Government securities	...	...	16,000,000
Indian home bond debt	...	...	6,800,000
London joint-stock banks	...	...	15,500,000
Irish and Scotch banks	...	...	12,750,000
Bank stock	...	...	14,500,000
Insurance companies	...	...	15,000,000
Mines, British and foreign	...	...	10,000,000
Steam companies	...	...	5,000,000
Telegraph companies	...	...	9,000,000
Docks, canals, waterworks, bridges, &c.	...	...	20,500,000
Gas companies	...	...	6,700,000
Total	...	...	£1,288,750,000

To this the reader may add, in imagination, the amount of funds and shares negotiated in foreign stock-markets, to get a faint idea of the immense amount of this kind of property now in existence.

On the 4th of every month many bills fall due, and when a doubt prevails about the solvency of any class of dealers, this day is always looked to with anxiety. The 4th inst., however, passed off with satisfaction, the bills falling due on that day having been well met.

We regret, however, to see one large failure, that of Messrs. Smith, Sinclair, & Co., in the linen trade, and as it is ascribed to the stagnation in this branch of trade during the spring and summer, we fear that it will be followed by other failures.

The leather trade is now entirely recovered from the late disorder.

The gentlemen of Manchester have projected a Joint-Stock Company (Limited) for the purpose of buying cotton in India, and shipping it to this country. It is also proposed to establish a model farm in India for the cultivation of superior cotton. For their interests the supply of this article cannot be too much enlarged and encouraged.



## REMINISCENCES OF THE SESSION.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

ST. STEPHENS, during the last month of the Session, was given up to the Parliamentary magpie, jay, and parrot. Their screaming and screeching were incessant and deafening. The true songsters of the grove were silent when these tuneless and discordant birds woke the echoes.

We had more than enough of talk. Had we any oratory? Did the British Senate maintain its ancient reputation for eloquence during the past Session? Have we any descendants of the Chathams, Pitts, Burkes, Cannings, worthy to hand down the sacred fire to the succeeding generation? The screech-owl made night hideous in July; the macaw was "master of the situation" in August. Was any note of philomel heard earlier in the year?

Yes! All through the early months of the Session we were under domination. We were held in thrall. Prospero, with his so potent art, gave us majestic visions, called spirits from their confines "to enact his present fancies," to the "dread rattling thunder" gave fire,—

"And rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt."

Lofty tones rang in our ears. We heard great topics treated with the boldness and elevation of a master. A copious, natural, and polished diction, which charmed alike the scholar and the unlearned hearer; a clear, full, and resonant voice; a musical intonation, a perfect elocution, graceful and commanding features, and, above all, a most persuasive earnestness, were among the accomplishments of our great rhetorician. We listened spellbound. From admiring, it was an easy step to imitate. That which seemed so easy to another could not be so very difficult to those who likewise had studied our noble English tongue. It was but to realize great thoughts vividly and express them boldly. The key-note had been pitched high, but our language was a lyre of many strings, which would express all the heights and depths of feeling and conviction. That broad-browed, dark-eyed orator, the lines of whose face are so deeply furrowed by care and study as to give somewhat of grimness to his aspect, is the Plato of our academy, and we are but disciples and learners, who, in admiring his inexhaustible fertility, and his mastery of all the resources of his art, are unconsciously adding to the wealth of our vocabulary, and pluming our wings for higher flights.

Under the eye of such a master, animated by such impulses, and working for such noble and lofty ends, we all felt ourselves to be orators. We were not the rose, but we had lived near the rose, as the garden earth modestly says in the Persian apologue. The great rhetorician had unloosed the strings of our tongues. Even "Silent Members" owned the genial influence,—felt that they had something to say, and thought they could say it. I am borne out by the opinions of the best and most experienced judges in the House, when I assert, that for many years the walls of St. Stephens have not resounded to speeches which attained to so high a standard of excellence as those delivered upon the Commercial Treaty with France, the Budget, the Reform Bill, the Paper Duty, and the Constitutional Privilege affair. Upon all these questions one orator stood alone and unapproachable. If the Greeks had an Agamemnon, "king of men," to whom a nominal sovereignty belonged, this orator was the Achilles, who carried fortune with his spear; the dashing Ney, whose plume was always seen in the thickest of the fight, only to turn the tide of victory. With two or three exceptions, members caught the tone, and emulated the fluency that all admired in Gladstone. They astonished each other and themselves by their confidence, their energy, their abandon, and their success. Fifty representatives never spoke so well, and yet some of them were no novices, either. Sir Bulwer Lytton's oration on the Reform Bill contained many passages not unworthy of Burke. John Bright never spoke better in the House of Commons than during the past Session, and to his triumphs upon the topics above recited may be added his speeches on Church Rates, the Fortifications, Savoy and Nice. Practised speakers like Bulwer Lytton, Bright, and our Noble Viscount, may disclaim the contagion of any oratorical fluency. But will Du Cane, Ferguson, Black, Stansfield, Bentinck, Gregory, Kinglake, Sir Robert Peel, Clay, Maguire, Selwyn, and half a dozen who have won rhetorical laurels during the Session, deny their obligations to Her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer? Two distinguished politicians must be excepted. Lord J. Russell's feeble, hesitating, indistinct style is too much a part of himself to be easily changed, and his oratorical deficiencies are now aggravated by a languid *physique*, which makes it often impossible to hear him. Disraeli, it was remarked, seemed cowed by the tone and attitude of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, like the ex-lion of a London drawing-room in the presence of some importation of the newest and fiercest. He struggled, sometimes not unsuccessfully, against the fatal and benumbing influence, and once or twice gratified his followers by some smart sallies, of which Gladstone was the object; but for the most part (unlike other men who caught inspiration and eloquence from the great orator) Disraeli, in the earlier part of the Session, sat subdued, if not silent, and seemed to shrink from encountering this formidable assailant.

When I attempt a critical estimate of Mr. Gladstone's true place as an orator, I shall have to point out the defects of his mental constitution. As the Session wore on he became verbose, repeated himself, made large demands upon the patience of his hearers, could not answer the most ordinary question without an absurd amount of amplification, and did not know when to sit down. He also became excessively irritable and impatient of the least interruption or contradiction. It must in candour be admitted that he has suffered from ill health during the whole Session. He never recovered the exhaustion consequent upon the attack of bronchitis, which delayed his exposition of the financial measures of the Government. The Session has been replete not only with anxieties, but with mortifications for him. The Opposition find some compensation for the victories he gained in the early part of the Session, by pretending that he has drunk the cup of humiliation to the dregs, upon the Paper Duty Abolition, the China Vote, and the Fortification Question. Our Noble Viscount, it is now added, has ended the Session by flouting his Chancellor of the

Exchequer. The Queen's Speech, so much of which is occupied to the honour and glory of "Johnny," our Foreign Secretary, contains the baldest and most barren allusion that can be imagined to the great commercial reforms and relaxations, which the eloquence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer so effectively recommended to the House of Commons at the beginning of the Session. Is not this rather shabby of our Noble Viscount? I commend the omission to the notice of Mr. Bright. He might have a worse minor grievance for a speech in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester.

## TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE weather—that eternal topic of talk in town and country—has ceased to engross the attention of speculators since the beneficial change, now almost a week old. The fine weather of the last few days is a real "God-send;" if it only last the month out as it has begun, it will retrieve a good deal of the damage inflicted by the incessant rains of August, although it will not be able to redeem a vast deal of destruction which, I fear, is inevitable. I have had a run during the week through the southern counties of Surrey, Sussex, and Hants. The subject is of so much importance to all, as affecting food and finance, that I may, perhaps, be pardoned for giving your readers the substance of what I saw and heard.

The general concurrence of the farmers inland, and the fishers on the coast, points to a probability of fine weather for a month or more, which will be amply sufficient to save all that remains unspoiled of the crops of grain and grass. The grain crops are a full month later than usual. Many of them, even in the southern counties, still show patches of green. The second crop of grass will be well saved. The corn crop is heavy, but dull in appearance. Even if we have dry weather, it is cold of nights, and morning and evening. We cannot hope for the warmth of a July sun in September; yet the ears are full, and much will be gathered, although much is damaged beyond retrieval. It has been said that a late harvest is generally a large harvest; but this applies to a late spring rather than to the entire absence of summer. However, I find that the farmers complain less than I expected. This may be a great deal owing to the fact that they have prospered well since trade in corn was made perfectly free, and that they have come round to acquiesce fully in the dispensation of things as they are. In a financial point of view, I hope that we shall not be obliged to disburse much beyond the usual amount to our Transatlantic brethren, who have been blessed with large and well-saved crops this year, having had a remarkably dry and scorching season. On the whole, I am disposed to take a hopeful view, although I do not see the wisdom of adopting a triumphant cackle over three days of fair weather, after croaking over three months of almost incessant rain.

So much for the country. The town is duller than ever, and affords little for the passing chronicler to record. The "Boards" seem to have gone on a holiday, at the very time of the year that street improvements could be carried out with the least inconvenience to the public, and when the public buildings could be advanced in beauty and accommodation. The rage for "going out of town" invades every one at the same time, and no one is left to take advantage of the leisure hour, except those who are forced to remain. We shall have the streets pulled up, as usual, when the traffic is at its highest.

The statesmen and legislators are all away. No set of men deserve their holiday more. They have been hard-worked, notwithstanding that there is little to show for it. Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell have left the English portion of foreign affairs in good train before leaving for the recess. Lord Palmerston remains near London. Lord John Russell is in the neighbourhood of the Queen, and will accompany Her Majesty to Germany, whither she will proceed from Scotland direct, without any of the delay which has been guessed at by parties not well-informed of Court movements.

The non-interference system established for Italy has worked well hitherto, and promises to go on well to the end. Garibaldi proceeds so prosperously that the great body of the English "excursionists" will probably be as late for Vesuvius as they are for Etna, and all the explosions in the South will be over before they can arrive. There are plenty of men—more than enough to choose from—but the means of conveyance are wanting. The latest accounts from Naples itself are conflicting. Some will have it that everything is ready for the flight of the king, which cannot be much longer delayed. Others give out that he will try the issue of a battle before he finally surrenders the throne. The scene of the conflict is now fixed at Salerno, in the port of Naples, and by some at Capri, in the rear. This last would look like a very last resource indeed. My own belief is, that the struggle is virtually over, and in this opinion I am fortified by the best information. The Neapolitan army having abandoned Monteleone without a fight, I cannot think that time can have worked in their favour since. In fact, whole provinces are rising against the Government every day; and every hour adds to the general disaffection, from which the royal army and the officials are not exempt.

The Bourbons do not fight. They procrastinate, they fly, they temporize, and they betray. Most of the royal family have fled. The king has packed off all his valuables, and is ready for flight at any moment. One of the first to run was the ex-Minister Filangieri (Prince of Satriano) who was always a time-server, and professing liberal. He left some time back, doubtless seeing that nothing more was to be made out of the falling fortunes of the royal house. The present ministers of the king are neither united nor sincere, and will readily hand over the government to the new Sardinian régime. Indeed, everything seems ripe for this consummation. Count Cavour, with his usual sagacity, has served the very nick of time for direct interference, and doubtless has prepared most excellent reasons for the decisive action which he is about to take. The English and French naval commanders on the station will not allow any further effusion of blood; nor will they tamely look on at Naples at a bombardment such as disgraced the last days of Neapolitan rule in Sicily. But they may, perhaps, find

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it difficult and delicate to interfere more directly, so long as the king keeps up a semblance of rule. The Piedmontese, however, have a more direct interest in the pacification of Italy, and will not be over-delicate in their interference, now that the game of the Bourbon dynasty is up.

The landing of 20,000 or 30,000 Sardinian troops at Naples, in the presence of the ships of war of the other European Powers, would probably be the easiest solution of all difficulties, and would put an end to the further effusion of blood. But yet the settlement of the newly revolutionized territory will take some time, and it is possible that Garibaldi will not be able to turn his attention with sufficient force to the territories of the Pope, outside the immediate circle of Rome. But it is clear that the *non-possumus* doctrine of Pío Nono, so roughly dealt with in the last speech of Count Persigny, will not avail the holy pontiff much longer. If he can save Rome, Viterbo, Civita Vecchia, and Ancona, by the aid of the French army of occupation, it is as much as can be done. The attempts of the half-hearted friends of Italy, to sow discord between Cavour and Garibaldi have signally failed; and these two distinguished men will probably live to see the entire emancipation of their native country, to which they have contributed, in their several ways, more than any other living men.

We have had more than our usual number of murders and suicides in this tranquil autumn time; and the fires in the City have anticipated the gloomy winter, when they most prevail. It is curious to see how these fires come round in their accustomed places. The river-side is famous—particularly the wharves in Southwark, and the ship-building yards about Blackwall. Covent Garden, too, has had another turn. The destruction of St. Martin's Hall is to be regretted, if Mr. Hullah have lost his property without being fully insured, or if any of his admirable musical series have been destroyed. But the building itself is no loss to art. Those who are acquainted with the internal arrangements of St. Martin's Hall, are aware of its many inconveniences, and its external appearance was anything but prepossessing. The Gothic style—or the still more unsuitable attempts at *renaissance*—are not adapted for music-rooms or public halls.

There has been another victimizing of a joint-stock bank—this time a foreign one, with British capital—much in the same style as the Pullinger frauds upon the Union.

Balfe has finished two acts of his new opera, to be produced at the English season of Covent Garden. The libretto is by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, who is talked of as the acting manager to Mr. Alfred Wigan, at the St. James's.

Byron said, "I have seen Troy doubted." There is a French *savant*, M. de Sauley, of the French Institute, a distinguished Eastern traveller, and a consummate archaeologist, who denies the genuineness of the Nineveh Collection in the British Museum. It is not disputed that they are ancient remains, but their authenticity as architectural fragments of the city of Sennacherib, and of the Nineveh of the Bible, is boldly questioned. It is alleged that they are the ruins of some Syro-Egyptian colony. Their barbarous and incoherent sculpture is adduced in proof of the latter theory, and other evidence is adduced that they are of a later date than the eager Christian world has been ready to accept.

### THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. IX.

MR. WAGSTAFFE GIVES HIS OPINION UPON TITLES OF HONOUR AND DISHONOUR IN BARATARIA.

If I were the founder and lawgiver of a new republic in Utopia—which I do not wish to be,—or if I were governor of the island of Barataria instead of Sancho Panza, and had any subjects to govern, I think I should try the effect of a new kind of title upon the manners and morality of my people. I should have titles of honour to reward the good, and titles of dishonour to punish the bad. If a title of honour supposes the existence of honour in or confers honour upon an individual, why should there not be titles of dishonour? If there be majesty in a king or queen, grace in a duke, lordship in a marquis, earl, or baron, excellency in an ambassador, holiness in a pope, reverence in a clergyman, or worship in a magistrate, why should such titles not be reversible in the case of any great or flagrant demerit, which it might be desirable to stigmatize in the eye of the community? For instance, in my Barataria, a man convicted of any scandalous breach of the proprieties and decencies of life, should be called "Your Irreverence," or "Your Filthiness." An ambassador who had failed in his mission, and sacrificed the interests of Barataria to his own want of common sense or knowledge of his business should be addressed as "His Stupidity." If I had occasion to speak of a pope who had slaughtered his subjects by means of foreign soldiers, I might consider whether he had not acquired a claim to the title of "His Ferocity." A fraudulent attorney or banker should be addressed as "Your Villany." A tradesman convicted of adulterating his goods, or defrauding rich or poor, by short weight or measure, should be addressed in all matters of business as "His Roguery," or "His Rascality." A convicted felon of any kind should all his life long be known to the little world that cared about him as "The Most Ignoble and very Dishonourable Felon or Thief," John or Obadiah, as the case might be.

If my people persisted in speaking of His Eminence the Cardinal, I should encourage them to say His Protuberance or His Gluttony, the Alderman;—provided always, that the Alderman in question sinned in that particular direction. For it does not follow that a man must be fat because he is an Alderman; or that, fat or lean, he should be unduly addicted to the pleasures—or vices—of the table and the bottle. "His Petty Meanness" should be the prefix to the name of a Miser, or of a low swindler; while "His Brutal Cowardice" should be the inalienable appendage to the name of him who had beaten his wife, or lifted his hand in anger

against any woman or child whatsoever. I do not think I should make an exception even in the latter case in favour of a schoolmaster; for a schoolmaster who punishes in anger, rather than in sorrow, is a brute, for whom I have no sympathy. A rich woman who ran away from her husband in company with a footman should never be mentioned, except as Her Lewdness Lady This, or Mrs. That; and a systematic seducer of women, one of the most odious of mankind, and worse, in my estimation, as Governor of Barataria, than a burglar or murderer, should have his title duly set forth as "His Cowardly, Selfish and Unmanly Villany"—John, James, Lothario, or whatever else the wretched creature's name might be.

If there were any particularly great snob in my dominions—some offensive toady and tuft-hunter—who stuck to the skirts of wealthy or celebrated people, and pandered to their vices or their weaknesses;—a man with much impudence, little brains, and no manners, and he lived, let me suppose, in a district called Fawny Court, I would set my royal mark upon him, and send him a parchment duly engrossed and sealed, in which his title should be set forth [not a hereditary title, for his son might happen to be a gentleman], and in which and by which he should be solemnly created—"The Sson of Fawny Court," just as if he had been a great and a good man and a true gentleman, I should have made him Marquis or Duke of Fawny Court, or some other place.

If one of my judges, holding his court in my assize town of Silverford or elsewhere, should be guilty of any want of ordinary courtesy to my sheriff or the landed gentry of the county attending the assizes at much inconvenience to themselves, and solely because it was their public duty so to do, I should not elevate that judge to the peerage as Earl of Silverford, but should pull him down a peg or two, and create him by letters patent—the "Churl of Silverford" aforesaid; a title that he would well deserve, and which would not taint or diminish his legal reputation, or make him a worse judge.

And coming to breaches of propriety, honour, or law, in greater personages, occurring, it might be, in the case of any of my cotemporary sovereigns—of Lilliput or Blefuscu—I might think it desirable, if either of them had broken a solemn oath, and I was at war with him, to speak of him to my Parliament as "His Sanguinary Perjury the King or Emperor" of Lilliput or Blefuscu aforesaid. This of course I should only do if it were safe to speak the truth; for even in Barataria I should study my Macchiavelli as well as my Puffendorff, and my Talleyrand as well as my Rochefoucauld. "Truth is not at all times to be spoken," says the worldly-wise proverb. If it were, the world would become rather too uncomfortable to most of us. I certainly should not speak it to any kings or emperors that happened to be much more powerful than myself, lest I should thereby run the risk of losing my beautiful Barataria, and my gubernatorial chair. Insincerity is a polite accomplishment, which great people are compelled to acquire as a necessary part of their education. The greater the personage, the greater must be the insincerity of his speech, if he would get successfully through the world. And in my island I would not allow my intellect to run away with my prudence, or my abstract wisdom to interfere with my needful policy.

Thus, you see, I am fit to rule Barataria; and if ever I shall be seated on a throne in that fair land, I shall certainly try the effect of such titles of dishonour as I have cited. If policy dictate to omit the sovereigns of Europe and Asia from the operation of the scheme, no such policy will interfere with its operation upon my own docile, obedient, and intelligent people. And the project will recommend itself to their sagacity, were it only that a fair trial of it might show a saving in police and prison rates, and in the cost of maintaining the judges and the law courts. And to make the system more completely operative, I should introduce a few new titles of honour as well as of dishonour. Any worthy man and good fellow who should earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, whether he were hedger or ditcher, scavenger, clerk, or mechanic, who should pay his way, owe no man anything, and maintain his family by his honest exertions, should be addressed as "His Dignity John Brown or Smith," and the wife who loved him and aided him to rear his family in respectability and decency, should be "Her Dignity Mrs. Brown or Smith." My poets, who used the noble gift of their genius to the enrichment of Baratarian literature, and wrote no line that could call a blush into the cheek of youth or maturity, should be called "The Most Honourable and Most Noble the Bards." His Lordship the Earl should be taught to exchange courtesies and ideas with his Usefulness the Mechanic; and His Grace the Duke should think it no derogation from his rank to shake hands, dine, or sup with His Probity the Farm Labourer; or Her Benevolence the Baker's Wife, who gave a loaf now and then—with a good heart and free hand, and perhaps a shilling besides—to the poor starving mother and her orphan children, that might have been refused relief by the flinty-hearted officials of the parish. *J'ai dit.*—Enough said. These shall be the polite observances and customs of Barataria;—when I get there.

### GARIBALDI.

THE public is inundated with memoirs and accounts of this famous Italian General; and every day the press re-echoes his great exploits in the glorious undertaking in which he is now engaged. A review of a new book in our last number exhibited a different picture of a flagrant hero, under the title of "The Modern Soldier;" and it is a pleasing office for us to offer, by way of contrast, some original traits of this other modern soldier—if the name of model soldier were not more truly applicable to the illustrious man who is so



bravely and ably working out the future destinies of Italy. Everything we have read of Garibaldi impresses us with a perfect conviction of his patriotism and purity. The great aim and object of his life—the restoration of United Italy to rank among the nations,—has been pursued with undeviating devotedness whenever and wherever he could hew a path towards its accomplishment; and when shut out, by unconquerable circumstances, from this great purpose, his career by sea and land, in distant climes, in mercantile and military adventure, has been a romance of the most marvellous incidents and the deepest interest. And his hands are clean. He has given all his private fortunes (fairly and manfully earned during the intervals alluded to) to the cause of his country. Garibaldi is a poor man!

Apart from his splendid public character, there is always a natural curiosity to learn something of the every-day appearance, the commonplace habits, the domesticity, if we may so term it, and the familiar and social doings of such a man, when released for a season from “the toils of war.” And though we have it on high authority that no man was ever a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*, we trust our readers will agree with us in thinking, from the few particulars we are about to relate, that the heroic, in the nature of Garibaldi, is not impeached or impaired by a respectful, and not intrusive, peep behind the curtain of his more retired sphere of action.

Garibaldi, in the portraits of him circulated in every direction, is represented as of gigantic stature and prominently-developed muscular strength; and most writers speak of him as pale (since the sad death of his wife), “lion-headed,” and with other concomitants of the Novel-descriptive. He is rather under the middle size, and of gentlemanly demeanour, yet stoutly built, and capable of enduring immense exertion and fatigue. His countenance is open and florid, like that of a good-looking English peasant, and his voice most expressive and sonorous. His two sons (put in the picture-engravings as mere boys) are grown to man’s and youth’s estates. The elder, who has served, and is serving with his father, and been wounded, is above, and the other not far below twenty years of age. When speaking of them and their hazards in battle, their father is wont to say, “Would I had ten sons!—they should all risk their lives for the union of their country.” There is one daughter, about sixteen, who, since she lost her mother, has been educated at Nice, under the care of the commander of the National Guard, Signor Deideri, and his wife, and in a manner which befits the offspring of such parents; for it would be difficult to determine whether Madame Garibaldi or her husband presents the noblest character for the admiration of after ages. Their daughter, however, with the looks of a fine country girl, is a fearless rider, and can shoot like a Volunteer! In consequence of the annexation of Nice to France, the patriot General does not like to hear the name of his native place mentioned, even in conversation; and on the celebration of mass to avert that coming evil, his daughter was among the worshippers who prayed to Heaven to save them from the calamity.

In the Sicilian expedition, among the enthusiasts who hastened to range themselves under the flag of Garibaldi were a number of youths, some of them mere boys, sons of the noblest families of Milan. When any were wounded, their commander had them tended with the utmost care, and as soon as they were able for the journey, sent them to their homes. With one of the youngest he wrote a letter to his mother, which strikes us as a memorable example of style and feeling. It ran thus:—“Io vi mando il figlio. Egli è battezzato per la patria;—a più tardi la confirmazione!” [I have sent your son. He is baptized for his country—later, he will be confirmed.] Is this a prophecy?

The expression sounds highly poetical—and no one will be surprised to learn that Garibaldi is of a highly poetical temperament;—and in his retirements from active life, has resided in a commodious villa, near the Lazzeretto at Nice, surrounded by pretty grounds, and the aspect toward the sea very wild and rocky; on the edge a summer-house overhanging the beetling cliff. Here he indulged in his frequent mood of wandering forth alone, and pondering on his mission—the means—the difficulties—the end. He has always been addicted to seek solitude for his thoughts, and often, when in the most desperate circumstances, it has been his practice to be his own Spy,—to set out alone in the shadow of night, and reconnoitre his enemies and the condition of the country around. His partiality for the English is openly indicated; and it will be acknowledged as a proof of the poetic turn we have described, to state that we have seen an autograph letter, in which within a few days of his embarking for Sicily, he finds time thus to acknowledge the tribute of a few patriotic verses, honourable to his great exploits, and presented to him by a fair countrywoman of ours, resident at Nice.

GENOA, 23 April, '60.

Cara e Gentile Signor Darby,—Io ho letto commosso e riconoscente le vostre bellissime poesie. Voi dovete avere il cuore d'un angelo, per sentire con tanta generosa squisitezza. Vorrei si presentasse l'occasione di potervi baciare la mano e dirvi quanto sento per voi di simpatia e gratitudine. Vogliate comandare, il vostro devoto,

*G. Garibaldi*

Italian gallantry is prone to superlatives, and the free translation may be taken:—

“Dear and kindest,—Moved and grateful, I have read your beautiful poems. You must have the heart of an angel, to feel with such exquisite generosity. I wish the opportunity might offer itself to enable me to kiss your hand, and tell

you how much sympathy and gratitude I feel. Pray command, your most devoted, G. G.”—[Addressed, “Alla Nobil Donna Eleonora,” &c., &c.]

At the villa above mentioned, female society was not wanting. The famed Liberal, and alleged Conspirator, Miss Jessie White, now Madame Mario, was a visitor, and maintained her masculine character in full vigour; and there is also the Madame the Contessa de la Torre, who is her companion in Sicily, where we are informed they shun no danger, and, like Nightingales and Sisters of Mercy, devote themselves to attendance upon the sick and wounded, and ministering to their necessities. Assuredly the flame of patriotism pervades both sexes throughout Italy, and, perhaps, burns more fiercely in Nice, since it has been torn away by France. For the sacrifice, the people cannot forgive their king; and foretell as the probable result of the policy now in operation, that the Island of Sardinia or (and more likely) Genoa will be demanded as a balance for any extension of the power of Piedmont in Sicily or Naples. In the new imperial fashion of paving the way to foregone conclusions, printed papers are now thrown into the *cafés* and other public haunts, pointing out advantages that would accrue if that slice from Italy were also annexed to the French Empire.

We grieve to have in one other matter to touch upon a painful topic; but it also displays the man, and ought not to be refused a place here. The daughter of an Italian marquis, by the assumption of extreme love of country and bravery in the cause, attracted the regards of the patriot leader. He offered himself, and was accepted. But, alas, within a few days after their marriage, an anonymous letter apprized him that his lady had been faithless to her honour, and was unhappily in a condition which rendered denial vain. With his usual straightforwardness, the injured husband sought his intriguing partner, utterly disbelieving the infamous charge, and laid the letter before her. Confession ensued, and they parted then and for ever; but the generous Garibaldi made an ample provision for his base betrayer.

We have, however, thrown together these private and personal traits of the most eminent individual of our time, in the hope that they may be universally acceptable. The love and attachment with which Garibaldi inspires all who come into contact with him, is shown not more by the past, than by the numbers now crowding to join him from every quarter. The poets, artists, and literati of Italy are among the foremost of his adherents. The lyric of the Sardinian national hymn, “Viva il Re,” and other popular poems, Cesare Fighiera, is one of his most devoted lieutenants; and many others of the same class, enthusiastic and patriotic, have pledged their lives and fortunes to follow him to the last. May Heaven speed them on their holy crusade, and liberty and independence be their glorious reward!

#### TOM D'URFEY.

THE literary, like the celestial system, is marked by distinct successions of luminous nebulae. Every age has its own dusky cluster of minor stars, who, however brightly they may have flashed in the eyes of their cotemporaries, are too feeble to transmit their beams to us. We know, in a general way, as we know the stars that become massed by distance into glittering clouds, the groups of small poets, critics, dramatists, and booksellers' hacks, that shed their misty light upon particular periods. But who has any acquaintance with their lives and works? The literary antiquary, who collects more materials a hundred times over than he makes any practical use of, is the only person likely to be familiar with the nebulae of literature. To him the study is indispensable, as affording an insight into the life and history of the time. A fifth-rate author, although nobody himself, may rise into incidental importance from his relations with more distinguished men. The literary historian finds his account in hunting up the drudges and hangers-on of the stalls, and in routing out the whole tribe of stupid pretenders and impudent egotists, from Ned Howard and “Quack Maurus” down to Julien and Gildon. But the public know nothing of these people, nor, for the most part, is it desirable that they should go out of their way to look after them.

Nevertheless, there are a few small specialities here and there that deserve to be separated from the rabble, and, assuredly, honest Tom D'Urfe is one of them. We, by no means, intend to imply that his writings ought to be reproduced, or that any of them would repay the expenditure of half an hour diverted from any profitable pursuit. All we desire to impress upon the reader is that Tom D'Urfe contributed largely to the entertainment of the British public more than a century and a half ago; that he had a vein of his own, which was flowing and racy in its way; and that he ought to be known as a versatile writer, who enjoyed a wide popularity in his time. If little of him but his name has descended to us, it is because he wrote especially with a view to the current success which he achieved. Tom did not care a farthing for posterity. His works are highly coloured by fugitive characteristics, and are worth preserving, as we preserve curiosities in a museum; but it would be absurd to consult them as pictures of the age. We tried lately to read what he calls his “Comical Stories,” which, we have no doubt, were considered comical by his cotemporaries, but we found them inexpressibly dreary. An author, however, may deserve to be remembered, who cannot be read.

Tom's life, so far as incidents are concerned, might be written out at length in half a dozen lines. He came of a family of Protestants, and gentlemen, and one of his great-uncles was the author of the famous romance of “Astrea.” He was very nearly a Frenchman by birth, and if his father had not been forced to seek an asylum in this country, Tom, instead of delighting English audiences, might have been contesting the applause of the theatre with Quinault, or breaking lances with Boileau. Possibly it was this drop of French blood in him that won the heart of Charles II., and made the monarch treat the ballad-poet with such marked favour and familiarity. But the French lyric spirit, the *abandon*, and gaiety, that are

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in his songs, never interfere with their genuine English character. They have the true native ring. Even Dibdin is not more thoroughly national than Tom D'Urfey.

This may be easily accounted for. The French element came down to him modified by circumstances; but he was born and bred, and lived all his life in English habits and associations. France was only a tradition to him. His father settled in England in 1623, married an English gentlewoman of Huntingdonshire some years afterwards, and Tom was not born till 1649, by which time whatever was left of French character or French prejudices in the head of the family may be presumed to have lost nearly all its influence. Tom was intended for the Bar, and virtuously commenced his studies in one of the Inns of Court. At this point terminates the respectable portion of his biography, all the rest is Bohemian; for here follows the old story of the student seduced from his law-books by the charms of the Muses, who at that time used to flirt with their lovers in Dorset-gardens and Drury-lane, and the dark recesses of Lincoln's-inn-fields, where Davenant lodged his actresses. It is said that Tom was obliged to give up the law, because he had a stammering in his speech; but that is a mere excuse. His stammering did not prevent him from becoming one of the most capital convivial and humorous singers of his time. He gave up the law because he fell in love with another mistress; and the first issue of his new passion was a comedy produced in his twenty-seventh year, with such success as to decide his career for life. Charles II. is recorded to have been present on three of the first five nights. This was not to be resisted. Tom continued from that time forthwith to write for the stage: comedies, tragedies, operas, and even alterations of Shakspeare and Fletcher—the last-mentioned viler than we can just now bear to think of. His productions in this way are upwards of thirty in number, all of them more or less positively successful on the stage. It is an act of grace, nevertheless, to drop a veil over his dramatic works. There is not one of them whose title would be recognised by a reader, not to say a play-goer, of the present day. They are gone down into oblivion, by the just and irrevocable sentence of Time. But what of that? Tom is damned in excellent company. His stage rubbish is not worse than Fielding's, nor, considering the comparative genius of the two men, half as bad as Dryden's.

It is not in his rôle of dramatist that Tom is selected as the hero of this article. Had he done nothing but write plays, we should have left him in the nebulous condition in which we found him. But he wrote better things, and he excelled in them. Whoever desires to be informed what D'Urfey did well, may be advised to get possession of six little volumes, published nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, called "Wit and Mirth; or, Pills to Purge Melancholy." The title is in the odd, coarse, and figurative taste of the period, and expresses comprehensively enough the nature of the entertainment to be found within. Tom's strength lay in vagrant odes, songs, and satires. These six volumes are filled with picked specimens, and although we must not venture to say anything about the wit, we can commend the mirth without a scruple.

Nor is mirth—broad, fluent, and familiar—the only quality that is conspicuous in Tom. He had considerable skill and adroitness in turning his mirth to the best account. One of the secrets of his success as a song-writer lay in his happy choice of easy verse and popular airs. With the Restoration had come in a new style of music. The stately Elizabethan measures and the scientific madrigals and canons in which Milton had been trained up, were supplanted by romping jigs and amorous corantos. The king set the fashion in music to which he could beat time. He had always displayed a great passion for fiddles, because the instrument was especially suited to punctuate lively and rapid airs; and when he was in exile, and could ill afford such luxuries, we find him begging of his friends to send him musicians who could play dances on the fiddle. As soon as he became king he set up a royal band of "four and twenty fiddlers all in a row," who used to play trampling lavoltas and sarabands to him while he was at dinner. Fiddles and fiddle music became the rage. Every comedy ended with "fiddles and a dance," and the contagion, so easily caught, spread through all classes of society. It was to this taste Tom administered in his songs. He wrote up, or down, if you will, to the fiddle mania. Many of his lyrics are as rattling and sounding as that mad dance which the king was never tired calling for, "Cuckolds, away!" He seized upon the most favourite ballad times, adapted words to them, and through their popularity secured his own. He went farther, and sometimes borrowed their burthens, so that he made doubly sure of a welcome. It was an old friend with a new face, and generally with a more cheerful one than before.

In addition to this art of writing popular songs, Tom possessed the fortunate talent of being able to sing them popularly. A song of Tom D'Urfey's, sung by Tom D'Urfey himself, was one of the choicest delights of the social circle. Wherever he went he was received with open arms; and he was a frequent guest at the houses of the nobility. He was on intimate terms with the Duke of Dorset at Knowle; and Wharton and Albemarle, the son of Monk, had the honour of being reckoned among his close friends. The King took as much pleasure in Tom's singing as in the prandial performances of his fiddlers; and not only would have him to sing at the palace, but would sing with him, holding one side of the paper himself—a memorable fact, which has been recorded in Tom's memoirs with due ceremonial effect. Tom himself may be presumed to have looked back upon this great event in his career with rather less awe than his biographers; for he afterwards became so much accustomed to royal musicians, that it could hardly have appeared to him so very wonderful a thing that a king, if he could sing at all, should sing off the same sheet of music with the poet. Tom, indeed, sang before all the crowned heads of his time, and they happened to be numerous, without including Cromwell, under whose government Tom was born. The list embraces Charles II., James II., William, Mary, Anne, and George I. To balance the affability of Charles, who held the paper, and leaned on Tom's shoulder, we have the more substantial friendship of Queen Anne, who gave him fifty guineas for singing a song he had written against the Princess Sophia.

But great a favourite as Tom was at court, he was a still greater favourite in the country. He was better known in the great manor-houses than the foremost poets of the age. He kept the tables of the squires in a roar by the excellent new songs to old tunes with which he industriously furnished them. Every one of them knew the tunes, and could, therefore, hum the words at sight,—a facility in the way of enjoyment for which they held Tom in the

highest esteem. Even Pope, who had no more ear for music than a knife-board, condescended to learn one of Tom's songs "without book," and bears testimony to the extraordinary popularity in which D'Urfey's compositions were held. "Any man of any quality," he says, in one of his delightful letters, "is heartily welcome to the best toying-table of our gentry who can roar out some rhapsodies of his works." He might have added that a still lustier welcome was given to the man who could boast of having heard Tom sing one of his own songs. To such a person was accorded the most riotous honours of convivial hospitality. The mediæval pilgrim, who brought home relics from the favourite shrine, could hardly have excited more enthusiasm.

It may be generally taken for granted that a wide reputation is never obtained without some grounds. Even Tupper and Barnum can plead a justification of their notoriety. And Tom's popularity, which was quite genuine, may be traced to perfectly satisfactory sources. He adapted his powers with remarkable tact to the prevailing taste; and his success was chiefly drawn from his idiomatic diction and the lubricity of his measures. His songs were the easiest songs in the world. They sang themselves. They ran on in the most natural and unaffected way. They had a heartiness in them—a soul of joyousness, and an obviousness that delighted all manner of people. They were wonderfully simple, and, so to speak, prosaic and commonplace, which were amongst their greatest merits. They were so direct and fluent, and so apt and to the purpose, that you could almost tell what was coming, and you seemed, therefore, for the moment, to partake in the triumph of the author. And there never was anything so good, so genial, so irresistible, as their burthens and choruses. O'Keefe is the only song-writer who approaches Tom in the variety and curious felicity of his burthens; but O'Keefe gives way to a spirit of burlesque, which, exquisitely comical as it is, makes an essential difference between him and Tom, whose tags and choruses are always exactly what they ought to be, and what you expect them to be, and so singularly fitted to their places, that nothing else could be substituted for them. They set you dancing, and singing, and laughing, and thumping the tables, whether you will or not,—the very ends for which they were intended. They bring out all your sunshine, make your wine or your rum-and-brandy punch—if you will put yourself back a century for the sake of a night with Tom,—glow and gallop more fiercely; and in spite of yourself and your private glooms and dogged temper, they make you a good fellow, full of honest sentiments and genuine impulses, animated by hilarious loyalty, ready to lend anybody any amount of money, or to undertake the most quixotic enterprises in the way of bailing friends, or defending your country—as long as the night lasts.

Here is a verse from the song of "The Bonny Milkmaid," which will serve, as far as a single specimen may, to show how pleasantly Tom, who lived all his life in the dissipation of the town, could write about rural things. In this song, as in many others, he took his burthen, and even the hints for his lines, from an older song, which we cannot help thinking he considerably improved. This verse brings the milkmaid before us in a winter scene:—

"When cold bleak winds do roar,  
And flowers can spring no more,  
The fields that were seen  
So pleasant and green,  
By winter all candied o'er;  
Oh! how the town lass  
Looks, with her white face,  
And lips so deadly pale;  
But it is not so  
With those that go  
Through frost and snow  
With cheeks that glow  
To carry the milking-pail."

The merit of the refrain does not belong to D'Urfey; but it will be felt in humming over these lines—for it is hardly fair to submit them to the process of reading—that he makes it tell with effect. Very striking, too, is his "Vive le Roi!" the old God save the King chant, which he brings out with elastic energy; and, better still must have been his song upon the Princess Sophia, if we may judge of it from the only stanza that has been preserved. The Princess, then Electress and Duchess Dowager of Hanover, was next heir to the crown, and the scandal upon her in these damaging lines was written to please Queen Anne:—

"The crown's far too weighty  
For shoulders of eighty,  
She could not sustain such a trophy;  
Her hand, too, already  
Has grown so unsteady  
She can't hold a sceptre;  
So Providence kept her  
Away,—poor old Dowager Sophy!"

Tom, perhaps, was not strictly a poet, in a rigorous sense. He will never find his way into anthologies or annotated editions. But he was a writer of high mark in his way. He knew how to carry his audiences with him. He wrote for a result, and obtained it. There are no fine images in his songs; no foreign decorations; no tinsel; everything is plain and to the purpose. He made songs out of the stuff that makes songs live out their time; and his lasted far more than the average duration of the life of popular songs. If his songs are forgotten now, so are nearly all the songs of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. A few of Shakspeare's and Ben Jonson's, something here and there out of Fletcher, a stray couplet from Herrick, a snatch of immortal music coming down from *Comus*, as from the spheres, and hardly half a dozen more, still linger in the general ear. No great discredit to Tom that he should be forgotten with the rest.

He was by no means particular about his rhymes. The melody of the rhythm was enough for Tom. He knew that so long as his measure bounded freely along, and he succeeded in touching some natural chord of mirth or sympathy, his hearers would not be much inclined to criticize his structure too closely. It was, of course, a defect in art; but Tom wrote to be sung, not to be read. Such blind rhymes sometimes occur as "trice," "joys," "blown," "adorn," "cease," "deities;" yet we dare say that not one of the country squires, whose raptures are described by Pope, ever found them out.

Tom lived in an age of literary disputes, but does not appear to have quarrelled with anybody. His geniality seems to have conciliated the most opposite people. Everybody was goodnatured to him. Steele speaks of him in the *Town* and the *Guardian* as the "celebrated Mr. D'Urfey," and pronounces a panegyric upon his character; Pope wrote a prologue for one of his plays, and let him off with a bare allusion in the "Dunciad;" and the



fastidious Addison interested himself to procure a benefit for him at the theatre, when Tom had fallen into old age and neglect. "He has made the world merry," wrote Addison, "and I hope they will make him easy as long as he stays amongst us. This I will take upon me to say, they cannot do a kindness to a more diverting companion, or a more cheerful, honest, or good-natured man."

There is a portrait of Tom at Knowle—a hasty sketch,—representing him with two volumes under his arm. Few personal traits, from which we might gather a full-length portrait of the man, have been preserved. He was so universally known that nobody seems to have thought it necessary to note any special particulars about him. We do know, however, that Tom lived and died a bachelor; that he used constantly, in the latter part of his life, to walk about the city of London and the purlieus of Westminster with a page behind him; and that his person was, consequently, already so familiar to the people, that when he was about to appear in public on the occasion of his benefit, Steele was afraid he would not "draw" an audience.

Tom lived to the good old age of 74. His death is recorded on a stone in the church of St. James's, Piccadilly, bearing the following simple inscription:—"Tom D'Urfey: Dyed Feb<sup>y</sup>. 26th, 1723."

## RURAL ECONOMICS.

### TENANT FARMERS NOT RETAINERS.

It is impossible to comprehend the actual relations between landlords and tenant farmers in England, without having regard to the history of English tenures. The exigencies of a semi-barbarous race of military conquerors led to the establishment of the feudal law by the Normans, from which this country has never been completely emancipated, and, least of all, those classes whose livelihood has been obtained by cultivating the soil. The feudal law is everywhere one of force and barbarism. It involves the supremacy of the military class, obtained by force over the industrious portion of the community, and retained by regulations which subordinate all industry to the maintenance of an aristocracy. Thus our Norman conquerors, having "acquired," or seized, all the land of England, reduced the previous owners and the actual cultivators of the soil to the condition either of serfs or villains, or to that of tenants bound to do homage to their lords or landlords, to render them certain rents and services, to follow them to the wars and the like,—and the whole system was one of grades of subordination. The great lords—often the owners of manors by the score—held of the Crown, and they granted lands to their retainers, who again made sub-grants to tenants, who may be considered the owners, though they were not, perhaps, the cultivators of the land. In all these gradations, or sub-infeudations, homage and services, more or less consisting of, or implying personal obedience on the part of the tenant to the landlord, as well as rent, sometimes in kind, sometimes in money, were rendered as conditions essential to holding the land. Gradually, as the nation advanced in wealth and civilization, and warfare became less the every-day business of the aristocracy, these services were commuted for money payments, until, at the Restoration of Charles II., feudal or military tenures were finally abolished. But the sentiment of homage had been deeply graven on the minds of all who held land as subordinate tenants, while the possession of superiorities over large territories and tracts of land formed at once the sign and the substance of the aristocracy. The great landowners always formed substantially the ruling power, and they framed their laws mainly in the spirit of their feudal ancestors. No doubt there were, down to the middle of the last century, vast numbers of sturdy yeomen—men who tilled their own lands, and who, with the inhabitants of the towns, enabled the Parliament to resist and put down the encroachments of Charles I.

But with the great increase of manufacturing and commercial industry which commenced about 1760, and constantly grew stronger and stronger, the yeoman proprietors found themselves unable to compete with men who hired farms, generally in larger tracts, and gradually sold their lands either to neighbouring proprietors or to persons who, having acquired money by trade or commerce, were desirous of forming an estate and founding a family which, sooner or later, should share in the privileges and influence of the landed aristocracy. Our peerage is confessedly founded on the assumption of large possessions in land on the part of each peer; but any one who will take the trouble to search that human herd-book, "The Peerage," will find how large a proportion of that body originated in the last half of the last century. To the commencement of the present century, farmers (i.e., renting farmers), as a class, were in somewhat lowly condition, which offered no striking contrast to notions of obedience to their landlords, which had descended as a feudal inheritance upon the agricultural mind. But rents had long before that time begun to rise. Arthur Young, alluding to the value of landed property in 1770, says:—

"A neighbour of mine in Suffolk, who inherited a considerable landed property, informed me that in various conversations he had between 1770 and 1780 with a relation far advanced in years, much surprise was expressed at the rise of rents which then began to take place. Through the long period of his relation's experience no rise was ever thought of; and lease after lease, in long succession, was signed without a word passing on the question of rent; that was an object considered fixed: and grandfather, father, and son succeeded without a thought of any rise."

But farming was then and later carried on without much capital. In 1795, Burke, in his celebrated letter, "Thoughts and Details on Scarcity," says:—

"The farmer's capital (except in a very few persons and a very few hands) is far more feeble than is commonly imagined. The trade is a very poor trade, and subject to great risks and losses. The capital, such as it is, is turned but once in the year; in some branches it requires three years before the money is paid. . . . It is very rarely that the most prosperous farmer, counting the value of his quick and dead stock, the interest of the money he turns together, with his own wages as overseer, ever does make 12 or 15 per cent. by the year of his capital. I speak of the prosperous. In most parts of England I have rarely known a farmer who, to his own trade, has not added some other employment or traffic, that, after a course of most unremitting parsimony and labour (such for the most part is theirs), and persevering in his business for a long course of years, died worth more than paid his debts, leaving his posterity to continue in nearly the same equal conflict between industry and want, in which his last predecessor, and a long line of predecessors before him, lived and died."

That is the description of a mere peasant, such as, for the most part, until a recent period, were the cultivators of land throughout Europe.

With the commencement of the present century, English agriculture assumed a new phase. Trade and manufactures rapidly increased the nation's wealth; the prices of all kinds of agricultural produce became, from a combination of causes, unusually high, and many persons of enterprise entered into farming in a genuine mercantile spirit, and realized considerable fortunes. Even ordinary farmers who happened to have recently renewed their leases got rich, as it were, in spite of themselves, from the mere advance of prices. Of these many enlarged their business, and became the founders of the class of large farmers who now form so important a portion of the agricultural community. Rents then rose rapidly, too rapidly, as it afterwards appeared, for most of the farmers who had renewed their leases about and subsequently to 1810, found, when a period of lower prices arrived, in 1820 and succeeding years, that they were unable to pay the stipulated rents and carry on their business. At this time leases fell into some disrepute with both landlords and tenants. With landlords because, where the tenant's means did not enable him to farm as well as he had done during the high prices, the lease did not prevent demands for abatement of rent which could not, with prudence, be disregarded. It was better to make a temporary return of fifteen, twenty, or thirty per cent. of the rent than to ruin the tenant and have the farm thrown upon the landlord's hands in a time of "agricultural distress." Tenants who had agreed to pay high rents, in expectation of receiving high prices for their produce, were wholly unable, by the systems of husbandry they had hitherto practised, to pay those rents, and consequently they felt shackled and bound by permanent contracts, made under widely different circumstances. They therefore either surrendered their leases, where such surrenders would be accepted by their landlords, or declined to renew them, and carried on then, as it were provisionally, as tenants from year to year. So all new tenants preferred to take, and landlords preferred to let their farms on yearly holdings. During all this time various corn laws were passed, for the purpose of enhancing prices artificially, by excluding, wholly or partially, foreign corn; and our landlord legislators, in both Houses, appointed numerous committees to inquire into "agricultural distress," and to devise means for relieving it—at the expense of the rest of the community. All the while tenant farmers were under engagements to pay rents calculated on prices higher than they actually obtained. The corn law, it was expected, would keep wheat at 80s. per quarter, but did not prevent it falling to 40s. Then 70s. and afterwards 60s. per quarter were supposed to be secured to English farmers by legislative enactments; but still prices refused to rise to the law-defined points. Landlords and their agents, however, assumed that prices could be regulated by law, and set the farmer's rents accordingly, so that from half-year to half-year tenants sued for, and the majority of landlords granted temporary abatements or drawbacks from the rent, as matters of grace and favour. Of course tenant farmers, under such circumstances, could neither feel nor act independently. The traditional sentiments of feudal homage concurred with the temporary exigencies of modern husbandry to render farmers subservient to and dependent on the will of their landlords. Without leases they could not help themselves, should the landlord wish to impose on them terms inconsistent with a commercial contract, which engagements for the occupation of farms had in fact become. Still many farmers felt, or affected to feel, while most of the great proprietors sought to cherish the sentiment expressed in the lines,—

"The farm that I hold on your honour's estate  
Is the same which my forefathers tilled,"—

While the active and more enterprising chafed at the helpless state of bondage under which they carried on their business. In 1836 the last agricultural distress committee was appointed, and the evidence taken under the chairmanship of the late Speaker. Then Mr. Shaw Lefevre completely exposed and exploded the whole system of Protection. Farming was shown to be a trade governed by the same economical laws as other trades, and consequently, that freedom and security, combined with capital and enterprise, were the essential and only conditions of success in husbandry.

From that time to the repeal of the corn laws, in 1846, farmers gradually and slowly, and landlords reluctantly, recognised this truth; and even now landowners struggle vehemently to maintain their tenants in a state of semi-feudal dependence. Farmers, on the other hand, are now more or less aware of their position, and are anxious to obtain certain and secure tenure of their farms, so that they may reap fair returns for the capital and enterprise they embark in the work of cultivation. Such is the present position of English agriculture; such are the existing relations of landlord and tenant farmer in England. Curious are the manifestations of the workings and counter-workings of the opposite principles of feudalism, or landlordism, and commercial husbandry, which are daily brought forth. Urgent are the recommendations of agricultural improvement which proceed from both parties, while neither quite recognises the conditions required or deemed essential by the other.

## STREET RAILWAYS.

In the infancy of railroads, when the "tramway" was used only for conveying coals, iron ore, or granite, from the mine and quarry, to the place of shipment, the immense loads were drawn by horse-power. From this stage we passed, almost at a bound, to the age of Stephenson and the locomotive. The steam-engine on wheels gave us at once the maximum of power; the "iron way" reduced the obstacle of friction to the minimum. Stephenson regarded the locomotive and the rail as "husband and wife," and asserted that they never ought to be separated. Certainly the alliance was a fortunate one, and has produced immense results. Admitting all the advantages of the union, social and commercial, a doubt may yet be permitted, whether the grandeur of the effects that followed the combination, did not throw into undeserved oblivion the capabilities of the iron way, in its first stage of development. At one time it was believed that the horse would soon be extinct; and Hood expressed the general feeling of the "road," in the whimsical sonnet, in which a disgusted ostler invokes all kinds of disasters on the fiery steed of the "rail," hoping that the old spirit of the stable would survive in the station, and that the ostlers of the future—

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" Might prig their coals, and give  
Them blaguard animals a feed of slates."

But the "sober six and seven-milers" are not extinct; nor the generation of drivers and ostlers, and all that belongs to the stable generally. The main lines of traffic have passed from them, indeed; but the horse is still the motive power on the side-roads,—the Macadamized tributaries of the great iron ways that intersect the land. And these are only great because they are fed by the small; we cannot entirely dispense with hoof and shaft, fly, cart, and waggon. If we had a fleet of *Great Easterns*, we must still have coasters and river-boats; and no "triumphs of engineering science" should cause us to forget the fact. But in working out our railway system to its present stage, we did forget, or overlook, or neglect the advantages of the old system of traction on the new ways; we covered the country with the metal rail, and put the steam locomotive on every line, forgetting that the horse on the rail might do service for which the steam-engine is unfit. The first grand success of a passenger-line was obtained by the locomotive, and it became the settled notion that passengers could be drawn by nothing else. It was a striking illustration of that *mot* of our neighbours that says the best of anything is often the enemy of what is good in it. The superlative degree kills the comparative. We took it for granted that the highest development of the new system was the only useful or practical form of it; and by going in all cases to the extreme, we left one important link in the whole chain of our communications wanting. We have been severely punished for falling into a rut, both of thought and action, in this matter; we have long seen and felt that the great railroad system was deficient in adaptability to some necessities of our time, and it has been reserved to an American—the child and champion of progress by right of birth,—to give us a push forward, by having originality and courage enough to go back.

Our new system is completed, by reverting to first principles; and we are opening an account of gratitude to America and Mr. G. F. Train, for the simple revival of a thing forgotten: he has "rehabilitated" the horse, and restored the animal to the rail; thus making the iron line at last available in our over-gorged streets. The quadruped was taken off the tramway some thirty years ago; when he was released from the train of coal-trucks in the North, we bade him farewell. It was only *au revoir*, though after too long an interval. We were rejoiced to meet him again in harness, and on the line, at Birkenhead, on the 30th of August, with a new and capacious omnibus behind him, filled with delighted passengers, and glorious with plate-glass, cushions, and painting. A novel sensation is preparing for the British public, to whom the "street-car" is unknown; and it was evidently enjoyed as such by the first Birkenhead passengers. "Nothing so new," somebody says, "as that which has been forgotten;" and a restorer often deserves as much credit as an inventor. So we wish all success to Mr. Train, at Birkenhead and elsewhere.

The return to horse-power, if properly applied, will complete our railway system, which, though a wonderful agent up to a certain point, is, after that point is reached, the cause of great and increasing inconvenience. All our great lines terminate in the suburbs, or at a considerable distance from the centre of the metropolis; and the goods and passenger traffic between the stations passes through streets too narrow even for the ordinary business of city life. From north to south, from east to west, London is crossed by thousands of tons of heavy goods, that a horse tramway round the city would divert from our thoroughfares—if streets one cannot pass through still deserve that name.

The street railway, by a little arrangement, might be made to serve the double purpose of conveying passengers from the most distant points of the suburbs to the centre, or near the centre of the City, and connecting the different railroad stations. But its first application will probably be to the conveyance of passengers; and we trust that the stolid obstinacy of the great omnibus companies, that have resisted all suggestions of improvement in the construction of their vehicles, will meet its deserved penalty.

The "street cars" once at work on any road out of London, will extinguish the old bus on that line. And the disappearance of only half these narrow boxes on wheels, with their waste of power, equine and human, will be an inconceivable relief to the City. All other vehicles can pass over, or even upon, the new street-lines without the least difficulty. It is the great advantage of the street-rail that it does not monopolize the highway—it leaves it open to all; the railway proper excludes everything but the engine and the train; and this we have always thought one of its drawbacks. By the time the "street-cars" have been running six months, we shall wonder why so obvious an improvement had not been adopted long before. We presume they will be placed under the same control, as to the number of passengers they will be licensed to carry, as the present omnibuses; we shall thus escape the abuse of over-crowding, to which the cars, like all public vehicles, are liable in New York. The importation from America must not bring its bad practice with it. The free-and-easy system of our cousins, that permits everybody to destroy the comfort of everybody else, and pack every car and bus to suffocation, against which nobody ventures to protest, would be an intolerable nuisance in London. We hope Mr. Train will reconsider his preparations for "standing" passengers inside, and abolish those straps from the roof, for the "standards" to hold on by. We know, by experience, how it works in America. We hear of this part of the fittings of the Birkenhead cars with apprehension, and make an early protest against them.

In all else this class of conveyance is admirable. It is easier to get in and out, especially for ladies; the smooth, gliding motion is luxury compared with the jolting of our present pavements, and two horses will do the work of six, and do it better and more easily. We have taken kindly to many American "notions,"—washing-machines, india-rubber shoes, apple-peelers, and sherry cobbles, pleasant importations, all of them, in their way, but the "greatest is behind" in the city railways and the street cars. Mr. Train must not stay too long in the provinces. Here is a greater field for him than in many Birkenheads. The ways of men in London are groaning with burdens and oppressions, and crying aloud for deliverance. We are all ripe for the promised American revolution, and look impatiently for the time when we can read a Declaration of Independence of our many obstructions. We understand that Mr. Train has received a concession of some miles of roadway, to begin with, from the Marylebone Vestry. If this is true, it is one good deed, that shall be scored to the credit of that loquacious body, and for which immeasurable Benken and Bumbleism shall be forgiven them.

#### PREMATURE DECAY OF OUR PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

THERE is something very startling in the fact that most of the stone used for building purposes in London, within the last forty or fifty years, shows marked symptoms of premature decay. This is not the case only in unfavourable exposures, nor has the decay of old buildings been much accelerated. Modern stones of all kinds seem to lose their angles and edges with unaccountable rapidity, and we find the vast pile of the Houses of Parliament, at Westminster, already seriously injured, while still incomplete, and the Queen's Palace, in St. James's-park, actually falling to pieces, and requiring to be continually painted, to prevent the sentinels keeping guard around it from being knocked on the head by the crumbling mass above.

There are two well-marked causes of this decay. One is a want of knowledge and care in selecting good stone adapted to the required purpose. What between the quarry-owner, the clerk of the works, and the architect, and the supposed necessity of reducing the contract for material to the lowest figure, the cheapest stone is taken. As little as possible is spent on the stone, in order that there may be the more left for decoration. This is one of the *shams* of our day. Buildings are planned and erected which ought to last for centuries. They must be constructed with economy; and what is economy in building? Is it indifference to the foundation, and lavish outlay on all that comes before the eye? Is it to neglect the essential, in order to elaborate the incidental? May not a building be beautiful in its fitness, even without decoration? and can anything be more unsightly than the simulation of the mark of time without the lapse of time to justify it? We submit these queries to our architects, with the suggestion that a minute knowledge of materials of construction, and of the chemical and geological, as well as mechanical conditions, under which they are to be exposed, ought to be a subject of study and education amongst them to a far greater extent than it has hitherto been.

There is another cause of decay also requiring consideration. The atmosphere of large towns, and especially of London, is loaded with various gases, which, aided by the dampness of our climate and its variable temperature, seriously affect most building-stones. The daily combustion of many thousand tons of coal, more or less impure, and the animal and vegetable effluvia connected with the living presence, and food of a couple of millions of human beings, cannot but produce a great effect on absorbent substances, and tend in many ways to decompose and disintegrate all those stones of which carbonate of lime forms an essential part; and this is the case with almost all the freestones in use.

Now, we have no choice but to build with the materials obtainable at a moderate cost; and if we will take stone, we must have absorbent stone. It behoves us then to set our chemists to work, to enable us to do this with some reasonable prospect of durability, and discover a method of preventing and stopping this terrible decay.

Rarely does it happen that a want long exists without numerous claimants for the honour and profit of discovery in relation to it. For twenty years or more protection has been asked for many ingenious inventions for preserving stone, none of which stand the test of time and exposure. One large class of inventors endeavour, and always in vain, to discover some paint that shall afford a permanent shelter, and stop decay. There is no such paint known, and none is likely to be discovered. Another set of discoverers, better acquainted with chemistry, have tried to obtain a mineral preparation capable of application in a dissolved state, but rapidly re-assuming its stony condition, and choking the pores of the stone with an indestructible material.

Not long ago some attention was excited in regard to this method, owing partly to its novelty and ingenuity, and partly to the high auspices under which it was introduced. At the suggestion of Prince Albert, part of the river-front of the Houses of Parliament was treated according to this method. Flint, hard and indestructible beyond most substances, may be dissolved in water by exposure to caustic alkali under high steam-pressure. A kind of soluble glass, in fact, is thus made, and, as the alkali is readily parted with, it was thought that this liquid, or water-glass, being thrown on the stone, a coating of flint would be the result. It failed, owing to the want of a sufficient exposure to dry air. The rain and damp prevented the requisite deposition and adhesion.

An ingenious Hungarian (Mr. Szereleney) practised a modification of this method, under the patronage of the late Sir Charles Barry, and applied it to the whole of the Speaker's Court of the great Westminster Palace. For a time the method was kept secret, but it has lately been commented on by Dr. Faraday. To obtain dryness, the stone, after being washed with the solution of glass, was covered with a kind of paint through which water from the air did not penetrate. In time this would decay, but it was thought the stone would then be coated with flint. Unluckily, it does not seem certain that the kind of flint forming the coating is itself unaffected by exposure, or sticks tightly enough to the particles of stone to prevent decay. It is also the case, that the stone being generally wet when the oily coat is added, there is never sufficient dryness. It is by no means clear that this method would succeed for more than a very limited period, even if once successfully completed, and that is almost an impossibility in our damp climate.

A yet more ingenious application of chemical principles has been made by Mr. Frederick Ransome, of Ipswich, already well known for his artificial stone, made of the soluble glass above alluded to. Taking advantage of the slight affinity of the alkali and flint in water-glass, he applies to the stone, after being washed by this solution, another simple preparation, the result of which is to throw down very rapidly that peculiar mineral which causes mortar to adhere to bricks, and gives its strength to the concrete so much used in modern building. This mineral is known to adhere with extraordinary pertinacity to foreign bodies with which it comes in contact. The method was applied some four years ago to portions of stone on the river-front of the Houses of Parliament, then very much decayed; and the stones experimented on are now in precisely the same state as when they were treated. It has been more recently applied to many entire buildings, and to the stone facings and ornamental part of others. Time alone can decide whether its success is as complete as theory would suggest; but, up to the present date, we believe, there is no weak point shown.

It is satisfactory to know that a method so important is likely to be fairly tried on a large scale. During the life of Sir C. Barry there was a tendency to give his *protégé* more than a fair share of protection; but the authorities



at the Board of Works are, we believe, now taking measures to secure a thorough and searching investigation into the whole subject. It is difficult to overrate its importance, as there can be little doubt that within a few scores of years the whole of the elaborate decoration of the palace at Westminster, to say nothing of other public buildings, will be altogether obliterated, unless some preservative process is found to succeed. It is also a matter as interesting in reference to future buildings as to those already erected.

#### A BUSINESS QUESTION.

THE eminently practical men of the City, who pride themselves on being "business-like" in all their ways and methods, frequently do things that appear the very reverse of practical, to those who, we presume, they would consider outside the "business" circle altogether. Take a case—by no means the first of its kind,—in the police reports of Tuesday last, as an illustration. An errand-boy, in the service of a firm "in a large way of business in Gresham-street and Manchester," has deranged and upset that said large business, for months past, by suppressing the home and foreign letters of the establishment given him to post, that he might apply the few shillings of postage to his own use. For no less than eight months the errand-boy had defeated, interrupted, and confounded the transactions of this firm in a large way of business, giving the heads of the house "great inconvenience," and subjecting them to "an imputation of bad faith." Bills of lading and estimates of the cost of machinery left the office, but never reached their destination. Seventy-four letters were found at the boy's lodgings, and nine more in his pockets, from which he had removed the postage-stamps; eighty-three letters of a firm in a large way of business suppressed for the sake of a few shillings, by the errand-boy, to the "great detriment," as the report mildly words it, of his masters. And for any loss or damage the masters may incur they ought to bear a full proportion of the blame. In reading this class of police cases, we have often been puzzled to account for the very singular theory, certainly the very singular practice, that appears to prevail in the very exact commercial world, by which the documents on which the credit, profit, and existence of a house depends, in the last stage, that of transmission, are trusted to errand-boys. The correspondence has tasked the faculties of the merchant, has occupied all the clerks, has involved intricate calculations, and may affect amounts only reckoned in thousands of pounds; and after all this labour, it is given over to the custody of the lowest and least responsible agent of the establishment,—the errand-boy, who may defeat a whole speculation, by applying the postage to the purchase of sweetmeats! Can any business man tell us why this is so often done?—why posting the letters of a firm is not thought quite as important a duty as writing or copying them? Is completing the last link in the chain of business of so little consequence that it is ranked with lighting the fires or sweeping the office? Is only writing a letter considered a clerkly duty, and is every subsequent step in the process merely menial? Is carrying these packets to the Post Office held to be beneath the dignity of the stool and desk? Our unpractical mind cannot explain this mysterious inconsistency of men who would hotly resent the charge of being unbusiness-like. It appears to us that the credit of hundreds of firms is often dependent on the punctuality and probity of boys to whom hardbake and marbles are still a temptation, and to whom the most important letter may appear only a piece of folded paper, from which a penny or a sixpence may be got, by taking off the stamp and dropping the packet down the nearest sewer grating. If firms "in a large way of business" would only reflect that the last stage of their many transactions is really the most important of all, they would, perhaps, not put their funds and credit into the keeping of gamins, in whom a rational sense of duty is not much more developed than in monkeys. If we were in a large way of business in the Gresham-street and Manchester line, we should post our letters with our own hands, that we might feel certain on this vital point, or insist on our chief clerk, or the cashier, or our junior partner doing it; we certainly would not give the errand-boy the terrible power of bringing ruin on the house, by turning the foreign postage into pocket-money, and therewith having a "spree."

#### A NEW AND GROWING NUISANCE.

ENGLISHMEN are very properly proud of their parks. There is nothing like them in beauty, number, and extent in any outskirt of foreign cities. They are the "lungs" of London, the recreation-grounds of millions, the one great national ornament of the largest and ugliest metropolis in the world. Under certain regulations, so slight as to be almost imperceptible, they are open to all. No book is kept at any of the gates to receive signatures, no order has to be sought for and presented to gain admission,—public decency has only to be observed, and the rights of property respected. They are public estates governed by elected trustees, and maintained, for certain purposes, out of the taxes. What those purposes are, is sufficiently plain upon the surface. Parks are not platforms, lecture-halls, and pulpits, unless the majority wills it, and the majority evidently does not will it. In some cases, these places have been turned into promenade concert-grounds, it is presumed by the desire of the majority. If this is not so, harmless as the Sunday music may be, it should be put down. The essence of good-citizenship is to rule by majorities, and to respect minorities. What some may think an agreeable amusement, others may conscientiously consider a criminal nuisance, and, unless a fair balance of heads and hands is made out in favour of these miscellaneous Sunday park concerts, they should be removed to swell the attractions of tea-gardens and music-halls.

The Sunday bands have doubtless gone through the fiery ordeal of discussion and opposition, have fought their way—it is hoped fairly,—and have taken moderate root as an "institution." We have no right, so it seems, to call them a nuisance, though they encourage other encroachments. If they have not brought into existence, they have certainly swollen the dimensions of an unmistakable and growing nuisance. Go into any park, from Kensington to Stepney, on a Sunday afternoon, from five to eight o'clock in summer, and you will find at least a dozen raving spouters standing upon chairs, each one endeavouring to impress a listening crowd with a sense of his oratorical excellence. Formerly these obtrusive missionaries—what few there were—had some appearance of age, if not of wisdom; but now that their numbers are multiplied a hundredfold, they seem to consist chiefly of

young men with military beards, and boys with sharp voices, blinking eyes, and offensive airs of superior goodness. The gospel they preach is not remarkable for inspiring them with modesty. They alone lay claim to the possession of the right doctrine. The whole "Universe" is full of "horror;" the world is full of sinners; the bad "arvest" is only one result of turning a deaf "hear" to such infallible teachers; "Igh'Eaven" has chosen them as its special prophets; refuse to put in a penny when the hat goes round, and "Ell" will be gaping for you. Youths of ten or twelve years of age are encouraged by a hundred weak-minded listeners to hold forth in this style, while their proprietors may be engaged in picking the pockets of the crowd—in some cases the only object of the whole business.

In other cases the strings of the inspired boy-puppet may be pulled by fathers, mothers, and elder brothers, and field-preaching may be found to be quite as profitable an out-door game as walking on stilts, dancing on the slack-wire, or ground and lofty tumbling. In some few cases, a diseased boy with a loose tongue may have been caught by a knot of hot-gospellers, and played as a trump card against the iniquity of brass bands. In all cases this park-preaching is offensive, unseasonable, and a living caricature upon real religion and piety. It is an unsolicited intrusion upon the recreation of millions. It drives thousands of wavering sheep, from a spirit of opposition, out of the fold. The police look at it, walk round it, and in the absence of instructions, seem afraid to touch it. These instructions to "move" it "on" ought at once to be issued. The supposed end ought not any longer to be allowed to justify the means.

If a dozen men were found tossing halfpennies in the Regent's-park on a Sunday afternoon, they would not be saved from the watch-house by stating that they were gambling for Bibles. If a party of unhealthy propagandists, on the same day, were to erect "cockshies" in Hyde-park, that presumed sinners might have a chance of winning a choice hymn-book for "three sticks a penny," the officers on duty would know how to deal with such a peculiar manifestation of piety. Why, then, this delicacy about dispersing an obstructive prayer-meeting? There is nothing in loud and frequent prayer which commands respect, or betokens a superior degree of Christianity. We are not aware that old Howel, who prayed when washing his hands, and after putting on a clean shirt, was a saint, compared with his companions in the time of Charles II. There is no such "spiritual destitution" in this sad metropolis, to make this kind of preaching a religious necessity; and even if there were, the parks are not the proper meeting-houses. Until the public invites the trespassers to these places, they ought to be handed to the gate.

#### INEDITED LETTERS OF LORD NELSON.

[Continued from p. 207.]

IN a few days they went again to sea, and, after a bad cruise, put into Leghorn on the 24th February, where they remained till the 6th March, when, the Admiral having got intelligence that the French fleet were seen off the Isle of Marguerite, orders were issued to go to sea immediately. The ships were taken suddenly; but all were got off in tolerable order. On the 10th, they got in sight of the French fleet, and a signal was hoisted for a general chase. They had little wind, and the enemy, unfortunately, were in-shore of them. Two days afterwards they were close upon the French ships, and Nelson wrote a brief exulting note to Vice-Admiral Goodall, to whose division he belonged, to congratulate him on being so near the enemy, and to beg a few additional men, should opportunity serve. Three days afterwards he writes again, to say "The enemy are fled." The *Agamemnon* and *Inconstant* had engaged the *Ca Ira* (described by Nelson as being large enough to take *Agamemnon* in her hold) and the *Censeur*, who defended themselves gallantly, and suffered severe losses—nearly 400 men being killed in each, out of a crew of 1,300 in the former, and 1,000 in the latter. On the next day both these gigantic ships surrendered to Nelson. The rest of the French fleet behaved extremely ill, and finally fled to the island of Hières, where they disembarked, the English Admiral not thinking it desirable to pursue them. The orders of the French fleet were to defeat the English, and retake Corsica; but finding they could not do the former, they abandoned the latter. A few days afterwards we find Nelson at Porto Especia.

*Agamemnon*, PORTO ESPECIA, March 24th, 1795.

MY DEAR SIR,—Admiral Hotham has no doubt informed you of our little success against the enemy, who afforded very few opportunities for any officer to distinguish himself; all were anxious, and sure I am, had the breeze only continued, we should have given a decisive and destructive blow to the French fleet. The *Illustrious*, in a gale of wind, was drove on shore between this place and Leghorn, but we have the greatest hopes of saving her. Our information from Genoa is that the *Sans Culotte* is in the Mole, and that the French fleet were seen steering to the northward of the Hières Islands; other accounts say they are in Toulon, and the troops landed; others that they are now in Vado Bay. I believe the Toulon account, for what should a crippled fleet do separated from their resources. Gentilly commanded the troops destined for Corsica, and when they had beat our fleet, he was to have been landed with 3,000, and the 10,000 embarked at Toulon were instantly to have joined him.

Admiral Hotham has letters from Lord Hood of the 1st February, saying that he had acquainted Lord Spencer he was ready to proceed to his command, but that the *Victory's* men were drafted on board Lord Howe's fleet; therefore he could not sail till their return. By our reinforcements' arrival we are still 14 sail of the line, so are the enemy; therefore, I say, as I did before, that if the enemy choose to cover a disembarkation, we cannot hinder them. Any number of transports might have safely navigated these seas during the week we were in sight of them.

With best respects to Lady Hamilton, believe me, dear sir, your very faithful servant,

HORATIO NELSON.

N.B. *Britannia*, *P. Royal*, *St. George*, *Windsor Castle*, *Captain*, *Fortitude*, *Agamemnon*, *Tancredi*, *Bedford*, *Terrible*, *Diadem*, *Egmont*, all ready for service; *Blenheim* and *Bombay Castle* at Leghorn.

Rt. Hon. Sir William Hamilton, K.B.



In all Nelson's letters written at this time we find expressions of regret that Lord Hood is not with the fleet, and allusions to the comparative inferiority of Admiral Hotham, whom he regarded in many respects as an excellent officer, but slow, and deficient alike in energy and largeness of views. He blamed Hotham severely for suffering the French fleet to escape, when, by following up the advantages gained by the gallantry of the *Agamemnon* and the *Inconstant*, he might have effectually crippled the enemy. The following passage, in a letter to his wife, written at this time, depicts the whole situation, and throws a light upon Nelson's character, which can be obtained only from his most intimate correspondence. "I wish to be an admiral, and in command of the English fleet; I should very soon either do much or be ruined. My disposition cannot bear tame and slow measures. Sure I am, had I commanded our Fleet on the 14th, that either the whole French fleet would have graced my triumph, or I should have been in a confounded scrape. I went on board Admiral Hotham as soon as our firing grew slack in the van, and the *Ca Ira* and *Censeur* had struck, to propose to him leaving our two crippled ships, the two prizes, and four frigates, to themselves, and to pursue the enemy; but he, much cooler than myself, said, 'We must be contented; we have done very well.' Now, had we taken ten sail, and had allowed the eleventh to escape, when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it well done. Goodall [the Vice-Admiral] backed me; I got him to write to the Admiral, but it would not do; we should have had such a day as, I believe, the annals of England never produced. I verily think that if the Admiral can get hold of them once more, and he does but get us close enough, that we shall have the whole fleet. Nothing can stop the courage of English seamen." The anxious desire for the return of Lord Hood to the fleet is constantly expressed in subsequent letters. In one letter he says, "His absence is a great national loss;" in another, "We have lost much by Lord Hood's going to England, and much more, probably, by his not returning." In another, "Truly sorry am I that Lord Hood does not command us; he is a great officer; and were he here we should not now be skulking." In a fourth letter, he calls him "the best officer, take him altogether, England has to boast of. Lord Howe certainly is a great officer in the management of a fleet, but that is all; Lord Hood is equally great in all situations which an admiral can be placed in." As to Admiral Hotham, he says frankly that he does not consider him intended by nature for a commander-in-chief, "which requires a man of a more active turn of mind;" and, in another place, he says, "Hotham must get a new head; no man's heart is better, but that won't do without the other."

The want of men is a constant complaint throughout these letters. The deficiency of the English fleet in respect both of men and ships, wrings from Nelson many a remonstrance against the authorities. "Nothing," he writes, "this war has been half so badly managed as we find the new Admiralty." From Leghorn, in May, he says, "we have been here a whole week, expecting, every hour, to hear something from England, but nothing comes to us. The Admiral has not a scratch of a pen for a month past; no reinforcements arrived, nor have we heard of their having sailed." This made them look with the greatest anxiety to any help they could get from Naples, although Nelson thought very indifferently of the Neapolitans as seamen, and did not hesitate to express his opinion that they were unable to keep the sea beyond a passage.

In the beginning of April the ships went into St. Fiorenzo, to refit; and soon after sailed for Minorca, to ascertain what the Spaniards meant by twenty-one sail of the line that were then lying in Mahon. For nearly two months they continued in this way beating about, "doing nothing," as Nelson describes it, "waiting for Lord Hood," their operations being at a standstill for want of ships. At last, in the middle of June, Admiral Man, not Lord Hood, joined them with a squadron from England, bringing Nelson a letter from Lord Spencer, acknowledging his claims, and promising to reward them when a proper opportunity should offer. Nelson's thoughts, upon receipt of this intelligence, immediately reverted to home, and he wrote to his wife, communicating the good tidings, and adding that he hoped to save his pay, "which," he continues, "with a little addition, will buy us a very small cottage, where I shall be as happy as in a house as large as Holkham." Early in the following month, he had the satisfaction of learning that he was appointed Colonel of Marines, an honourable and profitable sinecure, which, at that time, was conferred on three, and afterwards on four, post-captains for good services, to be relinquished on obtaining the flag. This mode of rewarding gallantry has been abolished, and good-service pensions substituted in its place. No man ever earned such recognition more nobly. "I have to boast," says Nelson, writing to his brother at this time, "what no officer can this war, or any other that I know, of being, in 15 months, 110 days in action at sea and on shore."

Very weary was this long watch of the French fleet: Nelson, at one time, with a couple of frigates, chased for twenty-four hours the enemy; at another, baffled of coming to close quarters by the wind, and always missing the prize which seemed close at hand. Ranging along the coast off Genoa, in co-operation with the Austrian army, which had its outposts at Loana and Vado, some relief was obtained from the monotony of the dreary look-out, by seizing all vessels bound to France, or to places where French troops were known to be.

But Nelson was giving way under the harassing life he had been latterly leading. "I find my exertions have been beyond my strength," he says, in one of his letters. "I have a complaint in my breast, which will probably

bear me down; but please God, if I see this campaign out, if *Agamemnon* does not go to England, I must, the medical people tell me, be on shore for a month or two, without the thoughts of service."

Towards the end of the year 1795, a proposition was made to him to enter Parliament; but by whom, or under what circumstances, has never transpired. His reply was honest and manly. He was a Whig in principle—a sound Whig of the Portland school; he had been actually engaged in battle, by land and water, more than a hundred times, and had been twice wounded. These were his pretensions. If necessary, he would come to England; but he hoped it would not be necessary, as he was engaged in active service. From certain expressions in his letter, it would seem that the offer came from the Admiralty, or the Duke of Portland; at all events, that he was to be supported by Government influence. However that may be, the proposal came to nothing. Nelson never held a seat in the House of Commons.

Admiral Hotham struck his flag on the 1st November, and was temporarily succeeded by Sir Hyde Parker, until the arrival of Sir John Jervis, afterwards Earl of St. Vincent, who took the command of the fleet towards the close of the year, when Nelson went to Leghorn to refit. The favourite *Agamemnon* was in a deplorable condition,—every mast, yard, and sail, even to the rigging, had been shattered by shot, and her hull was kept together by cables sewed round. In January, 1796, Sir John Jervis offered him the *St. George*, of 90 guns, or the *Zealous*, of 74; but he declined them, out of regard for his faithful crew and his riddled ship. The *Agamemnon*, however, was sent home, as unfit for service, in June, when Nelson hoisted his broad pennant on board the *Captain*, 74 guns, but not until he had crowned his old ship with a farewell laurel, by making capture of two vessels of war and five transports, off Oneglia.

At Leghorn and Genoa he maintained a strict blockade, with as much tenderness as could possibly be shown to the inhabitants, who were placed between two fires. In September and October he was at Bastia, from whence the following letter is dated. The subject is of historical interest. In consequence of the alliance with Spain, the Government at home had resolved to evacuate Corsica, a measure which Nelson condemned, and which the English Viceroy of the Island, Sir Gilbert Elliot, regarded as dangerous and ignominious. Sir John Jervis's instructions to Nelson, when ordering him to Bastia to undertake this service, show exactly what was desired to be done:—"Having received orders to co-operate with the Viceroy in the evacuation of the island of Corsica, and afterwards to retreat down the Mediterranean with His Majesty's fleet under my command, I desire that you will lose no time in going over to Bastia, and consulting with the Viceroy upon the best means of performing the operation." Sir Gilbert Elliot, to whom reference is here made, was originally sent to Corsica as Commissary Plenipotentiary, and, after the cession of the island, appointed Viceroy, which he held till this time, when it was evacuated. He was afterwards created a peer, by the title of Lord Minto, subsequently raised to an earldom, with a royal grant to wear the arms of Corsica, on a chief, over his family ensigns. He subsequently acted as ambassador to Vienna, and held the important offices of President of the Board of Control and Governor-General of India.

BASTIA, October 18, 1796.

MY DEAR SIR,—The Viceroy will write you so fully that it would be impertinent was I to say more, than the joy I feel at the resolution taken, and that I may claim some merit with the King of Naples for my steady support to his interest, which, in good truth he highly deserves; not a little must be attributed to Sir John Acton and yourself, and I have full confidence that the conduct of Naples will continue to be such that we may pride ourselves for our advice; the greatest confidence must be placed in us, and nothing like jealousy. God knows, I only feel for the King of Naples, as I am confident the change in his Government would be subversive of the interest of all Europe. We have a narrow-minded party to work against, but I feel above it.

I shall only add, that I will still endeavour to prove myself the same active officer which the world has said I am.—With kindest respects to Lady Hamilton, believe me, your most faithful, humble servant,

Sir William Hamilton.

HORATIO NELSON.

October 19.—We have just got the Admiral's consent, and you will receive his despatches. Galleys must be sent immediately to Elba, and be at our disposal; and the ships should join our fleet as soon as possible: they may come safely to Elba, and there form the junction. Port Capraja must also be partly garrisoned by us. We should not answer it to our country was anything on which depends the safety of our fleet and army left to chance.

I do not think it impossible but I shall soon be sent to Naples. As the ships are ready, I may impress Sir John Acton with the great importance of their sailing.

H. N.

As our stay in the Mediterranean is a secret, and not told to Captain Kelwich, you must tell him to come to Port Ferrajo; his orders are for San Fiorenzo, where we shall not be.

The "resolution taken," to which Nelson alludes in this letter, was the resolution not to abandon the Mediterranean, which Sir William Hamilton afterwards ascribed solely to the joint endeavours of Sir Gilbert Elliot and Commodore Nelson. Government had scarcely ordered the evacuation of the island, when they wished to rescind their determination, and sent out orders to that effect; but it was too late, the evacuation was already accomplished.

As soon as this business was fairly over, Sir John Jervis ordered Nelson to Gibraltar, and from thence to take the command of the naval force at Porto Ferrajo. Sir John wrote at the same time to Sir William, saying that the command could not be in better hands than in those of Nelson, than whom, he adds, a more able or enterprising officer does not exist.

[To be continued.]



## Reviews of Books.

## THE CAXTON NOVELS.\*

THIS, the first branch of a new edition of the novels written by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, consists of "The Caxton Family," "My Novel," and "What will He do with It?" Taken alone, these volumes are sufficient to establish a great and lasting literary reputation; taken in conjunction with the works of fiction by the same pen that have preceded them, they display a marvellous fertility of invention, and vast comprehension of mankind. There is but one word to account for such varied and inexhaustible powers—that word is GENIUS. "Nullum quod non ornavit telegit" was justly applied to Goldsmith, and his cabinet gems well merited the tribute; and how much more extensively may it be attributed to the producer of a whole museum of precious works, each vying with each in brilliant succession, dazzling with different lustres, and augmenting in value from their relative blending and the completeness of the collection. Eastern tales astonish us with descriptions of palaces of gold, and jewels, and diamonds, raised by the wands of mighty magicians, and blazing with unimaginable splendour, which another wave of the incantation dissolves into thin air. The fabric vanishes. We have, for the moment, allowed ourselves to be carried along with the gorgeous spell, and whisper, Can such things be? and our dream is o'er. But the magic of the Pen surpasses the wonders of the divining rod, the lamp of Aladdin, the seal of Solomon. The palaces it can build are more sumptuous than genii ever raised; their occupants are creations of an infinitely finer nature; their vicissitudes are of a real and deeper interest; and the lessons they inculcate remain. They last for ever; and we return again and again to admire their glory, to enjoy their beauty, to feel their influence, and to appreciate their wisdom.

Can the Novel effect all this? "A Novelist," in common application, is but an inferior title in the rank and order of Literature. The Historian is a grand name; the Poet still more exalted, and truly the top of all, when glancing from Heaven to Earth and Earth to Heaven, embodying the sublime and filling the world with immortal music; but the Novelist, with the humbler name, is often, as in the instance of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, endowed with the higher gift of poetry, to unite with other elements; and, if it be the boast of History to teach by example, assuredly it must be conceded to the novel to be at least equal for the ministrations of virtue and truth and the improvement of humanity.

"The noblest study of mankind is Man."

Let us see how we study him in history—individually. As far as we can ascertain his character, be he crowned monarch, or ambitious usurper, or learned divine, or erminent judge, or victorious warrior, or astute statesman, or intriguing politician, or *millionaire* merchant, or any other of that upper class who figure in national annals. In truth, we can know very little about them; yet we pretend to dive into their inmost souls, to balance their motives, to develop the causes of their actions; in short, Frankenstein-like, we make our man, and set him up, as suits our idea, as a model to be copied, or an example to be shunned. Thus, History, whilst offering great light for public guidance, cannot, in reality, be said to afford the best study of man for the instruction of his fellow-creature—Man. History, in short, is an aggregate of biographies; and if, as we believe, a single biography must partake as much of what is imagined as of what is true, it follows that in looking merely to the crowd, we may be still more widely led astray and mistaken. Now, with regard to the competent Novelist, there is no limit to his observation. The entire living world is before him to study. He is not peering through clouds at kings, and ministers, and heroes, and sages, to guess what they have thought and what has moved them to this course or that. He is mixing with his subjects in daily and familiar intercourse. He can study them in prosperity and adversity, in joy and sorrow, in happiness and trouble, in wealth and poverty, in health and sickness, in society and solitude, in ease and trial, in hope and failure, in innocence and guilt,—he can pursue his course over an unbroken continuance of time,—from one and all he can select his materials, and, like the ancient sculptor, combine them into the desired form, and arrange them in the necessary groups. The historian copies from old designs and distances; the novelist chooses his models, and paints from the life.

And from many-coloured life has Sir Edward drawn. His position has been most fortunate, enabling him to deal with the substances, not the shadows, as the bases of his fictions, if those can be called fictions which are only contrivances of events and situations for the exhibition of men and women as real as are ever met with in actual existence. The Caxton series, in particular, we must acknowledge as bringing us into company with our own flesh and blood, and showing us how, under the circumstances of the case, they would naturally act according to the qualities with which it has pleased their author to clothe them. They belong principally to the upper middle-class; but when, as in the last, "What will He do with It?" the scene ranges among the aristocracy and higher region of politics, we find ourselves equally safe with respect to truthful portraiture, and learn that it has not been without reaping fruits, accessible but to very few, that the writer has associated within the closest bounds with legislators and ministers of state,—*quorum pars magna* might be his unquestioned motto.

To be at the head of the novelists of England is a proud station. Fitting the age in which they lived, and the manners that surrounded them, Richardson and Fielding held sovereign sway, and Smollett was great in his line, and Scott was indeed the Wizard of the North. And we can speak of living writers, whose fame will also go down to posterity as the delight and honour of our present day. But when we glance at the extraordinary extent and diversity of the productions of a Bulwer, and reflect on the fact that they are but emanations, floated, as it were, from amidst labours and duties of the most onerous nature, we are lost in astonishment. And the more, as nowhere is mediocrity or superficiality to be discovered. Bulwer is far removed from the herd *Faciant ut intelligendo ut nihil intelligant*: he is sterling throughout, and never can be misunderstood, because he knows what he means, and how to communicate it most intelligibly. His style is always

plain, strong, nervous,—when requisite, eloquent, pathetic, passionate. The English language could not furnish quotations more admirable than many passages we could point out in these volumes. In construction, too, there is everything to captivate the mind. The plot in "What will He do with It," or rather the incidents which keep curiosity on the stretch, and attract to the last "surprise," do not hinge upon actualities, but upon the attributes and feelings of the principal characters, and to work these out, the writer has to dissect their inmost hearts. This he has done with exquisite skill, and while abnormal deformities are rebuked and prejudices exposed, the pure interests of morality and Christianity are advocated with a mildness that precludes the idea of teaching, and penetrates far more deeply than the ardent zeal of eager proselytism. The foundations of the really good novel—of the production that will inform, improve, and delight the time, and descend to future ages as a genuine picture of things and manners,—are chiefly imagination, acuteness, judgment, opportunities. Without these on a large scale, there can be nothing beyond mere pretence. With them, and great natural talent, and cultivated taste, and practised industry, the work may be accomplished, but the qualifications and endowments are very rare, and therefore it is that we have so few specimens of success. When we do meet with them, as *here*, we cannot prize them too highly. They are most useful and pleasant, original methods of directing our views to righteous principles, both as affects ourselves and others; impressors of virtue and reprovers of vice, teaching without dogmatism, and promoting progress and happiness most effectually when seeming almost a mere amusement, a play for the leisure holiday, and a relief and solace from the cares of busy life.

For so much and so large a contribution to the social happiness of his countrymen are we indebted to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

## AUSTRALASIAN NATURAL HISTORY.\*

EVER since its first discovery, the Australasian land has been remarkable for the variety and peculiar forms of animal and vegetable life it presents to the traveller. Its productions are very much unlike that of any other country. It has lilies blossoming on stems 20 feet high; stinging-nettles rising, like palm-trees, to the height of 140 feet, and then branching off in a crown of leaves; and a gouty vegetable protuberance hardly worthy of being called a tree, growing in an arid soil and dry atmosphere—whose girth is often considerably greater than its height, whose fruit ripens when the leaves have fallen, and whose trunk yields an enormous quantity of nutritious mucilage. The animal kingdom is no less singular and anomalous than the vegetable. Of the native birds several are wingless, some burrow in the ground, and some build for themselves huts not used as nests, and little inferior to those of the native savage tribes. A very unusual proportion of its reptiles are venomous, and almost all its quadrupeds are provided by nature with a singular pouch, enabling them, as Professor Owen has said, "to carry their delicate prematurely-born young about with them wherever they go, in a soft, warm, well-lined portable nursery-pocket, or perambulator." The surrounding seas are no less remarkable for their fish and shells than is the land for its quadrupeds, birds, and reptiles, and thus the whole country teems with material of the best kind for the naturalist.

Dr. Bennett, in the work before us, has added one more to that valuable, but small, list of natural history books which are full of amusing anecdote for the general reader, and abound with results of minute personal research appreciated by the naturalist—books which, unlike most scientific treatises, never grow old, and can hardly be superseded, but which in time are treated as quarries from which the constructive material of scores of volumes is regularly compiled. Of such books Gilbert White's "Selbourne," stands in the first rank, while Broderip's "Zoological Recreations," and "Waterton's Wanderings," may be regarded as other distinguished examples. Dr. Bennett has done for Australia what Waterton did for Brazil, and has made us acquainted with the personal and private history of such of the animals and vegetables as he was able to observe. He makes no attempt to generalize, or inform us of what other people have said of other matters than those he is interested in; but is a little too apt to be diffuse in second-hand narrative where his own observations by themselves would have been sufficient for his purpose.

In illustration of these remarks, we give our readers a brief abstract of his account of one of the most curious anomalies of the animal kingdom—the "Ornithorynchus," a duck-billed web-footed water mole, combining strange characteristics of quadrupeds and birds. No such account of this animal has yet been published, and it is the more valuable as given by so excellent an observer as our author.

Near a tranquil part of a river with shaded banks, and amid luxuriant vegetation, these little creatures should be sought at early dawn or late in the evening, and chiefly in spring or summer. They are extremely timid and shy, and are only recognised by their little mandibles slightly raised above the water's edge. They do not, however, live continuously in the water, but burrow in the banks, having runs extending sometimes 40 or 50 feet, and these are extremely small, as the animal is able, by a curious power of contracting its loose skin, to pass through an aperture apparently much smaller than its body. They feed on small insects and shell-fish when full grown, but the young are suckled. This, at least, is the conclusion arrived at—notwithstanding the difficulty of the operation with the bird-like mouth—and is confirmed by the natives, one of whom being asked how the young moles fed, replied, "All same you white feller—first have milliken (milk), then make patta (eat) bread, yam," &c.

The offspring are born alive, and, when half-grown, are excellent food. They lie coiled up together in a nest in so many balls, like hedgehogs. They are playful and animated, scratching, and tickling, and tumbling over one another like puppies. "It was very ludicrous to see the uncouth little creatures open their mandible-like lips and yawn, stretching out the fore-paws, and extending the webs of the fore-feet to their utmost expansion. Although this was natural, yet, not being in the habit of seeing a duck yawn, it had the semblance of being perfectly ridiculous." They climbed to the top of a book-

\* Gatherings of a Naturalist in Australasia: being Observations principally of the Animal and Vegetable Productions of New South Wales, New Zealand, and some of the Austral Islands. By George Bennett, M.D., F.L.S., F.Z.S., &c., and Author of "Wanderings in New South Wales, Singapore, and China." 1 vol. 8vo. London: John Van Voorst.

\* By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., D.C.L. Library Edition. Blackwoods.



case as a chimney-sweeper climbs a chimney, pressing the back against the wall, and scrambling up with the claws of the fore-feet. They lived for a time in captivity, fed on bread, chopped egg, and minced meat, but could not be brought over to England.

The curious bill enables the animal to strain the water from its food, which is conveyed into capacious cheek-pouches before being swallowed. The tongue is provided with horny teeth, and mud and sand is swallowed with the food, to assist digestion. The male has a spur like that of a game cock, and both male and female clean and dress their fur as a bird does its feathers. The voice is sometimes a squeak and sometimes a growl.

Among the birds of Australia Dr. Bennett gives some account of the so-called "Laughing Jackass," or "Settler's Clock," whose singular gurgling laugh and shrill scream mark the earliest dawn, and are heard after dusk. The "Native Companion," another bird of large size, is to be seen in the marshes, performing the most curious antics with its fellows, "pirouetting like opera-dancers when getting up a ballet. They figure away, devoting all their energies to dancing and jumping, twisting and throwing up one leg in the most graceful manner; then they will tumble upon the ground, feet uppermost, and finish by rolling about like a dog."—(p. 222.)

The "Mooruk," or Australian Cassowary, is a bird whose existence was first made known by Dr. Bennett, and which is the more interesting as being almost the only living representative of a large family of wingless birds, formerly abundant in the southern hemisphere, but now almost extinct. It was found in the island of New Britain, and specimens have been brought to this country. The mooruk is a robust bird, exceedingly swift of foot, but having funny little apologies for wings, and with the body covered with hair rather than feathers. In captivity it is bold, and easily domesticated, noisy and inquisitive. "One, or both of them," says Dr. Bennett, speaking of two kept in his house for some time, "would walk into the kitchen, and while one was dodging under the tables and chairs, the other would leap up on the table, keeping the cook in a state of excitement; or they would be heard in the hall or library, in search of food or information; or they would walk upstairs, and then quickly descend again, making their peculiar chirping, whistling noise. Not a door could be left open, but in they walked. They kept the servants constantly on the alert: if one went to open the door, on turning round she found a mooruk behind her. They seldom went together, generally wandering apart from each other. If any attempt was made to turn them out by force, they would dart rapidly round the room, dodging about under the tables, chairs, and sofas, and then end by squatting down under a sofa or in a corner."—(p. 251.) These birds have a curious and dangerous habit of swallowing whatever comes in their way, whether butter or iron nails, eggs or corks, fruit or articles of ladies' dress; but in every case, the articles not approved of by the digestive organs were rapidly enough got rid of in an unaltered state.

We ought not to conclude this notice without directing attention to some admirable coloured drawings by Mr. Wolf, which serve to illustrate it. Like all Mr. Van Voorst's books, Dr. Bennett's "Gatherings" is admirably got up, and, like most of them, it deserves to be so.

#### BRITISH RELATIONS IN CHINA.\*

CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORNE, of the Royal Navy, had been engaged in his professional capacity for some time upon the coast of China; and in the volume now published he has put the public in possession of some very important geographical knowledge.

Captain Sherard Osborne's attention, whilst in China, was directed to the political events occurring around him. Taking the part of a gallant British sailor in two wars with the Chinese, he also exercised the privilege of a British subject, by studying the policy that had been pursued by English statesmen, and obtaining an insight into the principles of government acted upon by the rulers of the gigantic empire with which he was engaged in hostilities. The results of all he had seen are to be found in this little volume; and the practical lesson which he would inculcate upon English statesmen and the British public in all present and future dealings with the Chinese is comprised in a single word—"FORCE."

"Force (he says) rather than argument, necessity rather than conviction, is the only rule by which a Chinaman can be made to agree with a European."—(p. 7.)

"The European has ever to use force rather than argument to obtain his ends in China, be they however moderate, however just."—(p. 71.)

"You cannot open China, but as an armed man—victorious. You cannot teach the rulers of China to respect their political engagements with a foreigner, except through fear."—(p. 115.)

When Cardinal Ximenes was asked in a very peremptory tone, by one of the grandees of Spain, to explain his reasons for venturing to exalt the powers of the king at the expense of the nobles, the Cardinal invited the grandee to step with him to the window, and then, pointing to a park of artillery drawn up in front of the palace, replied, "There are *my* reasons!" According to Captain Sherard Osborne's description of the Chinese the "park of artillery" is the only argument intelligible by them; it is the only one that can influence their decisions; it is the only one to which they will patiently submit. He declares that when an Englishman has reasoned upon any Chinese question, the best thing for him is to say,—"I think this is the right thing to be done; but because I think it is, then I am quite sure the emperor, mandarins, and Chinamen will come to an equally opposite conclusion, and act accordingly." He makes, too, this very extraordinary statement:—

"I never remember any European who took an European, and, I grant, rational view of China, who was in the end right."

What, then, is to be done with a people who are not influenced by reason,—who do not believe that men act from motives of humanity, or honour, or rectitude? The simple mode of solving such a question, if it referred to an individual, would be to say—"Have no dealings with him; keep away from him." But you cannot so act with the Chinese. As the author puts

the matter plainly and distinctly, there is no shrinking away from it. "We cannot exist without tea and silk. We want that huge market of four hundred millions for our manufactures. The exchequers of Britain and India need the revenue already derived from the trade between us." This being the state of affairs between England and China, and as relations between the two countries must be maintained, then in what way are they to be continued, and how best preserved? Captain Sherard Osborne answers the question with the vigour of a Ximenes, and the bluntness of a British sailor—"BY FORCE."

"We want (he observes) the Chinaman to act as we think best, without using force, or without apparently consulting our own interests. The result is constant bickerings, and ultimate use of large force; whereas, if you simply started on the ground of 'You must do so and so,' the Chinese intellect would appreciate the consequences, and yield. We are barbarians, and unreasonable under all circumstances; nothing we can say or do will alter that opinion of us; do, therefore, what is right, and merely consult our own consciences and the interests of our country."

The author then candidly avows what he considers would be the right thing to do. He is for beginning with "an energetic and prudent series of military and naval operations;" first, for the purpose of exacting a fulfilment of every clause in the treaty of Tien-tsin, as well as for the punishment of those who broke the peace it promised. He is next for enforcing the right of the British to trade with every part of China. He points to this very important fact,—viz., that at present British trade is limited to a small portion of China, and that native as well as foreign monopolists have a common interest in so restricting it; whilst, by carrying on hostile operations to the north of and beyond all our present mercantile establishment, these two great advantages would be gained:—the opening up of rich regions populated by Asiatics in a high state of civilization, who would all become customers when "they saw Englishmen appearing in a military character;" and next, it "would impress upon the Chinese Court this important fact, that the slaughter of 450 British subjects was not an act to be passed over without an indemnity for its future recurrence."

We do not enter into all the arguments brought forward by the gallant author in support of his views. They are clearly stated and fully explained in his work; and, though the public may hesitate before it comes to the same conclusions at which he has arrived, still this all-important consideration is to be borne in mind, that the opinions here put forward are those of a well-informed man, who has devoted several years to the study of the subject on which he writes; that he has made personal acquaintance with the Chinese; that he has been in the midst of them, and that no other motive can influence him than the desire to serve his country,—to promote in peace her interests as a commercial nation, as he had in war maintained the honour of the British flag.

#### "THE WOMAN IN WHITE"—A NOVEL.\*

"The Woman in White" is a republication from Mr. Dickens's serial, "All the Year Round." The tale was, as we understand from the preface to the present edition, received with a "warm welcome among English and American readers." The author now appeals to three classes of persons, in the hope of obtaining their approval:—first, to those who know his story as it was weekly narrated; next, to those who will now read it for the first time in its entirety; and lastly, to the reviewers or critics, from whom he asks the favour of not "telling his story at second hand."

We cannot venture to express an opinion as to what may be the feelings of persons who may undertake a second perusal of "The Woman in White." Our duty is, whilst complying with the author's request, of not telling, nor trying to tell his story for him, to give an honest and unbiassed opinion as to a book which we have now read for the first time.

"The Woman in White" is, in our judgment, a very interesting book—not equal in all its parts; but still a novel which justly may claim a high rank amongst the light literature of the day.

The plan on which the work is constructed has the merit of novelty. "The story of the book is told throughout by the characters of the book. They are all placed in different positions along the chain of events; and they all take the chain up in turn, and carry it on to the end."

This is not only a new but a very good idea. It is much better than the old and now long-disused plan, of telling a story in a series of letters; and if it could have been carried out, in perfect accordance with the characters of the several persons introduced, would be entitled to the highest praise. The author has not been able to act upon his own idea, because he wrote a tale to be published in a periodical; and one of the exigencies of that form of publication is, that every portion of it must be *telling*—that is, that there shall be no pause, nor rest in it—every particle must be glittering with points, or glaring with excitement. And so it is with the "Woman in White." All the characters, by whom the story is supposed to be told, "must speak in passion," and all of course "do it in King Cambyses' vein." The great power of Mr. Wilkie Collins as a narrator, is in his minute observation of the most trifling circumstances which can aid in the portraiture of an individual; and every one that he introduces as a narrator has the selfsame qualification. The attractions of the tale are intensified, because it is so told; but then what it gains in interest it loses in skilfulness as a picture drawn from nature. It is no more like what a real statement of facts would be if actually detailed by each of the persons introduced, than one of Doctor Samuel Johnson's Pitt-and-Pulteny debates, as invented by him for an old magazine, was like a real parliamentary debate in the House of Commons between the same men when using their own language, and so giving expression to their own thoughts, in their own words. The Johnson debates were far superior to the originals. They were entitled to admiration, and better worth reading than the most accomplished short-hand writer's notes; but for all that they were not what they pretended to be. The learned doctor made orators of men who only made speeches. And so it is with Mr. Wilkie Collins's characters. They all write too well, and they all write with the same skill, sharpness, and microscopic talent of observation; and it is often difficult to tell—especially in those portions ascribed to the hero, and the sister of the heroine—which holds the pen, for the caligraphy

\* The Past and Future of British Relations in China. By Captain Sherard Osborne, C.B., Royal Navy, Author of "A Cruise in Japanese Waters." Wm. Blackwood and Sons: London and Edinburgh. 1860.

\* The Woman in White. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Dead Secret," "After Dark," &c. &c. Three Volumes. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co. 1860.







## LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

FROM AUGUST 30TH TO SEPTEMBER 6TH.

- Salad for the Social. 12mo. bds. Second edition. 2s. 6d. Bentley.
- Erin-go-Bragh. 12mo. bds. Second edition. 2s. Bentley.
- Gilbert Gurney. By Theodore Hook. 12mo. bds. 2s. Routledge.
- The Great Royal Scottish Volunteer Review. By R. Vernon. Svo. sewn. 1s. Simpkin.
- Jerrold's (Blanchard), The French under Arms. 12mo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Booth.
- Appleton's Illustrated Hand-Book of American Travel. Svo. cloth. 9s. Trübner & Co.
- Translation of the Sargá Siddhanta, a Text-book of Hindu Astronomy. Svo. boards. 18s. Trübner & Co.
- The Medical Uses of Electricity. By A. C. Garrett. Royal Svo. cloth. £1. 5s. Trübner & Co.
- Contes par Emile Souvestre. By A. Jessop. Crown Svo. cloth. 3s. Nutt.
- Sermons to Seafaring Men. By J. C. Hordem. 12mo. cloth. 2s. Hamilton.
- Lewis's Handbook to Portsmouth. 1s. Hamilton.
- Constable's Educational Series. The Sixth English Reading-Book. 3s. Hamilton.
- Our Farm Crops. By John Wilson. Vol. II. Post Svo. cloth. 6s. 6d. Blackie & Son.
- Gerlach's German Dictionary. Reduced. 5s. 6d. Blackie & Son.
- Ancient Iron Works. By D. A. Clarkson. Post folio, cloth. £4. 4s. Atchley.
- The Dictionary Appendix and Guide to Correct Speaking and Spelling. Foolscap Svo. cloth. 5s. Shaw & Co.
- Fern, on the Funds. 7th Edition. 12mo. cloth. 7s. 6d. E. Wilson & Co.
- Babirus Fables. Translated into English Verse by Rev. J. Davies. 12mo. cloth. 6s. Lockwood.
- The Corsair and his Conqueror; or, a Winter in Algiers. By H. E. Pope. Post Svo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Chambers.
- Chronological Index to Chambers' Pictorial England. Royal Svo. cloth. 4s. Chambers.
- Sewed. 2s. 6d. Chambers.
- Geometrical Chart, on a Sheet. 2s. 6d. Chambers.
- Scientific Farming made Easy. By T. C. Fletcher. Post Svo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Routledge.
- Knight's Cyclopedia of Arts and Sciences. Vol. V. 4to. cloth. 12s. Bradbury.
- The Woman in White. By Wilkie Collins. 2nd edition. 3 Vols. Post Svo. cloth. £1. 11s. 6d. Low & Son.
- A History of Coal, Coke, Coal Fields, &c. By W. Fordyce. Folio, cloth. £2. 10s. Low & Son.
- Samuelson's (J.) Honey Bee. Post Svo. cloth. 6s. Van Voorst.
- Samuelson's (J.) Earthworm and Housefly. 2nd edit. 3s. 6d. Van Voorst.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**CORREGGIO'S ECCE HOMO**, the long-sought Replica of the National Gallery Picture, which the most eminent judges pronounce the finest painting in this country, is ON VIEW, from Ten till Nine (Admission, 6d.), at GARDNER'S GALLERY, 119, Oxford-street.

**FRENCH EXHIBITION**, 120, Pall Mall.—The Seventh Annual Exhibition of Pictures, the contributions of ARTISTS of the FRENCH and FLEMISH SCHOOLS, including Henrietta Browne's Great Picture of "The Sisters of Mercy," is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d. Open from Nine till Six daily.

**MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE** of the FINDING of the SAVIOUR in the TEMPLE, commenced in Jerusalem in July, 1854, is NOW ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond-street, from Nine till Six. Admission, 1s.

**MADLE ROSA BONHEUR'S PICTURES** of "SCENES IN SCOTLAND," and "SPAIN AND FRANCE," are NOW ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond-street, from Nine till Six. Admission, 1s.

**RELIEF of LUCKNOW**.—Barker's Picture.—This Grand Historical PICTURE is NOW ON VIEW at 79, Cornhill.—N.B. The Portraits of Lord Clyde, Sir J. Outram, Sir John Inglis, the late Sir H. Havelock, Col. Alison, &c., will also be exhibited. Admission free by private address card.—HAYWARD and LEGGATT, 79, CORNHILL.

**PICTURES**.—CITY AUTUMN EXHIBITION, including nearly 300 Pictures, contributed direct from the Artists expressly for this occasion, is NOW OPEN, at HAYWARD & LEGGATT'S GALLERY. Entrance at 28, Cornhill.—Admission free, by private address card, or on payment of 6d. each, including catalogue.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET**.—ON MONDAY, and during the week.—Positively the LAST WEEK of the OVERLAND ROUTE, and of MR. & MRS. C. MATTHEWS.—The OVERLAND ROUTE to commence at 7. After which, on Monday, PAUL PRY. Paul Pry, Mr. C. Matthews; Phoebe, Mrs. C. Matthews. On Tuesday and Wednesday, after the Overland Route, A GAME OF SPECULATION. On Thursday and Friday, after the Overland Route, NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS—in which Miss Florence Hayden, from the Theatre Royal, Dublin, will make her first appearance in London. On Saturday the Benefit of Mr. & Mrs. C. Matthews, and last night of the Overland Route. On Monday, 17th Sept., Miss Amy Sedgwick.—Box office open daily from Ten till Five.

**NEW THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI**.—Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. B. WEBSTER.—FIRST NIGHT of a New Drama by Dion Bourcicault, Esq., entitled THE COLLEEN BAWN.—On Monday and during the week, THE COLLEEN BAWN. Messrs. D. Bourcicault, D. Fisher, Billington, C. J. Smith, Romer, Warde, Miss Agnes Robertson, Miss Woolgar, Mrs. Billington, and Mrs. Chatterley. After which SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS. Miss Agnes Robertson, Miss Laidlaw, Mrs. Chatterley, Mr. W. Smith, P. Bedford, Mr. Romer. To conclude with MUSIC HATH CHARMS. Mr. D. Fisher, Romer, Warde; Miss K. Kelly. Commence at Seven.

**ROYAL STRAND THEATRE**.—Lessee and Directress, Miss SWANBOROUGH.—The nobility, gentry, and the public are respectfully informed that this Theatre will RE-OPEN for the Winter Season, elegantly redecorated, on MONDAY NEXT, SEPTEMBER 10th, when will be presented, at Seven o'clock, a new Comedietta, by Charles Selby (never acted), entitled THE PET LAMB. Messrs. Parselle, Turner, Mowbray; Mesdames C. Saunders, E. Bufton. After which the highly-successful Comedietta of OBSERVATION AND FLIRTATION. Messrs. W. H. Swanborough, Parselle, Turner; Mesdames E. Bufton, Lavine, and Kate Carson, her first appearance here. Followed by the popular Burlesque Burletta by H. J. Byron, Esq., of FRA DIAVOLO; or, THE BEAUTY AND THE BRIGANDS. Messrs. J. Rogers, Turner, Poynter, E. Danvers, W. H. Swanborough; Mesdames M. Simpson, E. Neville, Lavine, Rosina Wright, and a numerous Corps de Ballet. To conclude with A RACE FOR A WIDOW. Messrs. J. Rogers, J. Bland, Turner; Mesdames E. Bufton, E. Neville, Lester.—Acting Manager, Mr. W. H. SWANBOROUGH.

**ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE**.—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. W. BATTY.—On MONDAY, and during the week, will be presented the splendid Hippodrama of MAZEPPA AND THE WILD HORSE; with entirely new and beautiful Scenery, Costly Costumes and Appointments, and an incomparable Routine of Cirque Wonders and Novelties.

**ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE**, Leicester Square.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—Cirque Imperial.—Increased success of the New Company, and crowded houses.—The scenes in the Arena comprise the talent of all nations, by the following Artists, who will appear every Evening: Mdles. Josephine, Clementine, and Fanny Monette; Messieurs the Brothers Berri, Christoff, Nevill, Les Freres Daniels, Luigi, Romeo; Clowns: Harry Croueste, Tom Matthews, Dan Castello, and Mons. Oriel. Box-office open from Ten till Four. Doors open at half-past Seven, commence at Eight. Morning Performance every Wednesday and Saturday, at Two.

**ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS**, Regent's Park.—SATURDAY HALF HOLIDAY.—The admission to these Gardens on Saturdays will be REDUCED to SIXPENCE each person, during the months of AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, and OCTOBER.

**MADAME TUSSAUD'S HISTORICAL GALLERY**, at the Bazaar, BAKER STREET.—Continuation of Early English Kings from the Conqueror. KING STEPHEN, grandson of the Conqueror, in the quaint costume of the period 1135. Kings recently added.—Henry I., William Rufus, William the Conqueror and his Queen, studied from old English manuscripts.—Admittance, ONE SHILLING, EXTRA ROOM, SIXPENCE. Open from Eleven till Ten at Night.

## EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.

## REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS FOR THE YEAR ENDING 30TH JUNE, 1860.

THE Directors have again the pleasure to make their Annual Report to the Proprietors,—the fifty-third since the commencement of the Company's operations, and the third since the last quinquennial distribution of surplus.

The Income and Outgoings of the year ending on the 30th June last, will appear in the following abstract from the Surplus Fund Account, as shown by the Company's books:—

SURPLUS FUND ACCOUNT.			
INCOME OF THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1860.			
	£.	s.	d.
Balance of Account, June 30, 1859	659,013	17	2
Ditto of a small Assurance Company	39,264	0	10
Premiums on New Assurances	19,588	17	6
Ditto on Renewed ditto	283,250	19	11
Interest from Investments	302,839	17	5
	81,203	1	11
	384,042	19	4
	£1,082,320	17	4
CHARGE OF THE YEAR.			
	£.	s.	d.
Dividend to Proprietors	10,343	8	6
Claims on decease of Lives Assured	£238,552	12	7
Additions to those under Participating Policies	21,167	18	6
Policies surrendered	9,733	7	2
Reassurances, New	1,838	6	5
Ditto, Old	30,124	6	3
	301,416	10	11
Commission	10,722	14	1
Medical Fees	1,071	16	3
Income-tax	3,603	3	1
Expenses of Management	11,044	4	10
	327,858	9	2
Balance of Account, June 30, 1860	744,118	19	8
	£1,082,320	17	4

Examined and found to be correct,  
(Signed) THOMAS ALLEN,  
WILLIAM HENRY SMITH, JUN. } Auditors.

The Proprietors will observe that another small Assurance Company has merged into the Eagle during the year, and that it has contributed about £39,000 to the Surplus Fund.

The Premiums on new Assurances amount to £19,588, 17s. 6d., and the total Income from Premiums and interest to £384,042, 19s. 4d. This is short about £6,000 of the actual Income, in consequence of the junction above mentioned not taking place at the commencement of the financial year.

Deducting the sums immediately payable, the realized Assets of the Company on the 30th June, 1859, were, in round numbers, £1,789,900; and, since the interest received during the year amounts, as above shown, to £81,203, 1s. 11d., it follows that the Company's funds of that date, productive and unproductive, have been accumulating in the interval at rather more than the average rate of 4½ per cent.

The claims on decease of Lives Assured and the general expenses are, as it is reasonable to expect they would be, somewhat more than they were the previous year. It will be observed that the total expenses, including commissions, but excluding income-tax, are not quite six per cent. of the income.

The Company's Liabilities and Assets on the 30th June last, stated with as much accuracy as they can be in the absence of a re-valuation, will be seen in the following Balance Sheet:—

## BALANCE SHEET.

LIABILITIES.		£.	s.	d.
Interest due to Proprietors not claimed		6,555	12	9
Claims on decease of Lives Assured, and additions thereto unpaid		88,494	2	4
Cash Bonus due to Policy holders		12,811	10	4
Sundry Accounts		12,541	7	10
Value (1857) of Sums Assured, Annuities, &c.		4,387,426	2	11
Proprietors' Fund	£203,743	10	3	
Surplus Fund, as before	744,118	19	8	
		947,862	9	11
		£5,455,691	6	1
ASSETS.		£.	s.	d.
Amount invested in fixed Mortgages		1,195,493	16	3
Ditto ditto decreasing Mortgages		154,783	10	3
Ditto ditto Reversions		77,846	1	11
Ditto ditto Funded Securities		257,708	2	1
Ditto ditto Temporary Securities		61,402	14	10
Current Interest on the above Investments		26,636	3	11
Cash and Bills		33,973	17	3
Advanced on Security of the Company's Policies, &c.		89,784	7	11
Agents' Balances		26,965	14	1
Sundry Accounts		12,723	2	6
Value (1857) of Assurance Premiums		3,515,373	15	1
		£5,455,691	6	1

Examined, and found to be correct,  
(Signed) THOMAS ALLEN,  
WILLIAM HENRY SMITH, JUN. } Auditors.

From this it appears that the realized Assets amount to £1,937,317, 11s., and that those to be realized are estimated at £3,518,273, 15s. 1d. (about 1½ years' purchase), the two together being not far from Five Millions and a Half in amount.

The Surplus Fund has increased during the year from £659,013, 17s. 2d. to £744,118, 19s. 8d., the increase being £85,105, 2s. 6d.

The Proprietors will thus observe that the Income of the Company still exceeds the Outgoings, and that its funds are still on the increase from year to year. But it may be well to point out that, although this state of things may yet continue for some years, a time must arrive when it will be reversed, and when the Outgoings will, first be equal to, and then for some years exceed the Income, as is the case with many of the older Companies at the present day.

This course is one which must be followed by all Life Assurance Institutions, without exception, and has nothing in it indicative, as persons not conversant with their nature are apt to suppose, of loss or disadvantage; on the contrary, it not unfrequently happens that societies of this description become relatively more wealthy, or accumulate a larger divisible surplus, as their funds decrease.

In a well-regulated company, however, the surplus fund should always be maintained in its due proportion, let the fluctuations in the General Fund be what they may; and it will be for the Directors to see that, as regards the Eagle, this principle is carefully carried out, and that every participating Policy holder has his full and proper share of the divisible surplus accruing throughout the period of his connection with the Company, whether the particular phase under which it may then present itself be increasing, decreasing, or stationary.

The Proprietors' Fund, and the Income arising from it, are of course exempt from the fluctuations here spoken of.

The Trustees and Directors of the Company are now as follow:—

TRUSTEES.	
LORD BATEMAN.	RICHARD HARMAN LLOYD, Esq.
ROBERT CHEERE, Esq.	WILLIAM JAMES MAXWELL, Esq.
JOSEPH ESDAILE, Esq.	RALPH CHARLES PRICE, Esq.
CHARLES THOMAS HOLCOMBE, Esq.	HON. E. T. YORKE, M.P.
And other Gentlemen.	
DIRECTORS.	
THOMAS BODDINGTON, Esq., Chairman.	
WILLIAM AUGUSTUS GUY, M.D., Deputy-Chairman.	
CHARLES BISCHOFF, Esq.	JOSHUA LOCKWOOD, Esq.
JOHN WHITE CATER, Esq.	JAMES MURRAY, Esq.
CHARLES CHATFIELD, Esq.	SIR W. G. OUSELEY, K.C.B., D.C.L.
THOMAS DEYAN, Esq.	W. ANDERSON PRACOCK, Esq.
SIR JAMES BULLER EAST, BART., M.P.	RALPH CHARLES PRICE, Esq.
NATHANIEL GOULD, Esq.	PHILIP ROSE, Esq.
ROBERT A. GRAY, Esq.	GEORGE RUSSELL, Esq.
CHARLES THOMAS HOLCOMBE, Esq.	THOMAS GODFREY SAMBROOKE, Esq.
RICHARD HARMAN LLOYD, Esq.	CAPT. LOUIS SYMONDS TINDAL, R.N.
RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN YOUNG, BART.	

OFFICE OF THE COMPANY—3, CRESCENT, NEW BRIDGE-STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON.



**NOTICE OF TRANSFER.**—Notice is hereby given, that the business of the **SCHOOLMASTERS' AND GENERAL MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY** has been transferred to the **CHURCH OF ENGLAND LIFE AND FIRE ASSURANCE TRUST AND ANNUITY INSTITUTION**, of Lothbury, in the City of London; and that all claims in respect of Assurances effected with the said Schoolmasters' Society will be paid and discharged by the Directors of the Church of England Assurance Company.—By order,  
**WILLIAM EMMENS, Manager.**  
Church of England Assurance Office, Lothbury, London.

**CHURCH OF ENGLAND LIFE AND FIRE ASSURANCE INSTITUTION.**  
Head Office, —5, Lothbury, London.  
Established 1840, and empowered by Special Act of Parliament, 4 and 5 Vic., chap. 92.  
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, ONE MILLION.  
A list of the Proprietors periodically enrolled in the High Court of Chancery.

This Institution adopts both the **PROPRIETARY** and **MUTUAL** Systems of Life Assurance, and the policy-holders in both branches are fully protected by the large subscribed capital of the company. The rates of premium are reduced in all cases as far as is compatible with security, and are especially favourable for young and middle-aged lives.  
In the **MUTUAL** Branch of this Institution, the policy-holders are entitled to the entire profits of the branch, thus enjoying all the advantages of a strictly mutual assurance society, together with the security of an ample proprietary capital.  
In the **PROPRIETARY** Branch, assurances may be effected in a great variety of ways, to suit the circumstances and convenience of the assured. Among others, where the policy is made payable on the assured attaining 60 years of age, or at death, if that event should happen previously. This mode of assurance is particularly deserving of attention.

**FIRE.**  
Premiums for assurance against fire are charged at the usual moderate rates, with a reduction of £10 per cent. on the residences and furniture of **CLERGYMEN AND SCHOOLMASTERS**, and the buildings and contents of churches and church schools.  
Prospectuses, the necessary forms, and every requisite information for effecting insurances, may be obtained on application at the Head Office, as above, or to any of the Agents of the company.

**WILLIAM EMMENS, Manager.**

**THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
29, Lombard-street, London, and Royal Insurance Buildings, Liverpool.

**TRUSTEES.**  
John Shaw Leigh, Esq. | John Naylor, Esq.  
**DIRECTORS—IN LONDON.**  
Samuel Baker, Esq., Chairman.  
Robert Blake Byass, Esq. | Edward Mackmurdo, Esq.  
Richard Cooke Coles, Esq. | Henry M'Chlery, Esq.  
Henry Kendall, Esq. | Daniel Henry Rucker, Esq.  
Thomas Lancaster, Esq. | William Wainwright, Esq.  
John Westmoreland, Esq.  
**IN LIVERPOOL.**  
Charles Turner, Esq., Chairman.  
Ralph Brocklebank, Esq., and Edward Johnston, Esq., Deputy Chairmen.  
T. Darnley Anderson, Esq. | George H. Horsfall, Esq.  
Michael Belcher, Esq. | Richard Houghton, Esq.  
George Booker, Esq. | Maxwell Hyslop, Esq.  
Thomas Bouch, Esq. | Roger Lyon Jones, Esq.  
Michael Bousfield, Esq. | E. Tertius Kearsley, Esq.  
David Cannon, Esq. | James Lawrence, Esq.  
Thomas Dover, Esq. | David Malcolmson, Esq.  
S. R. Graves, Esq. | William J. Marrow, Esq.  
James Holme, Esq. | Francis Maxwell, Esq.  
Thomas Dyson Hornby, Esq. | William Smith, Esq.  
John Torr, Esq.

The Royal Insurance Company is one of the largest offices in the kingdom.

At the annual meeting of the 10th inst., the following highly satisfactory results were shown:—

#### FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Notwithstanding the large accessions of business made annually through a long series of years, which obviously increase the difficulty of further advances, yet the Fire Premiums of the year 1859 rise above those of the preceding year, by a larger sum than has been obtained by the increase of any single year since the formation of the Company, excepting the year 1853; evidencing an advance of 50 per cent. in three years. To this circumstance must be attributed the gratifying announcement that the accounts for the year show a profit of £42,488 3s. 4d.

The following figures exhibit the progress of the whole Fire Branch, running over the last ten years:—

	Total Premium Received.	Increase of the Year above each preceding one.
1850.....	£44,027 10 0	£9,537 19 8
1851.....	52,673 5 11	8,645 15 11
1852.....	76,925 4 2	24,251 18 3
1853.....	112,564 4 4	35,639 0 2
1854.....	128,459 11 4	15,895 7 0
1855.....	130,060 11 11	1,601 0 7
1856.....	151,733 9 6	21,672 17 7
1857.....	175,049 4 8	23,315 15 2
1858.....	196,148 2 6	21,098 17 10
1859.....	228,314 7 3	32,166 4 9

#### LIFE BUSINESS.

The Directors desire to call the especial attention of the Proprietors to the statements of the Life Branch of the establishment.

The Actuary's Report on this subject has been accompanied by an appendix, containing the fullest particulars of the investigation made, and is illustrated by two coloured diagrams, which make plain to the unprofessional eye the mortality experienced by the Royal, as indicated by curved lines, which contrast most favourably with the former averages of mortality, also displayed on the diagrams.

It is expected that these elucidations will attract a deep and profitable attention to the subject of Life Assurance in the minds of tens of thousands who have hitherto given no heed to its principles and advantages, and it is evident that this Company, as well as others, will not fail to reap much of the favourable consequences to be anticipated.

The Bonus apportioned to the assured with participation amounts to £2 per cent. per annum, to be added to the original sum assured of every participating Policy effected previously to the 1st of January, 1858, for each entire year that it had been in existence since the last appropriation of Bonus thereon, and is one of the largest Bonuses ever declared.

**PERCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.**  
**JOHN B. JOHNSTON, Secretary to London Board.**

**STAR LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,**  
49, MOORGATE STREET, London.  
**JESSE HOBSON, F.S.S., Secretary.**

**NOTICE of REMOVAL from 3, OLD BROAD STREET, to 64, CORNHILL, E.C.**

THE RAILWAY PASSENGERS ASSURANCE COMPANY insures against all Accidents, whether Railway or otherwise.  
An Annual Payment of £3 secures £1,000 at death from Accident, or £6 weekly from Injury.  
One Person in every Twelve insured is injured yearly by Accident.  
No extra Premium for Volunteers.  
For further information apply to the **PROVINCIAL AGENTS**, the RAILWAY STATIONS, or to the **HEAD OFFICE**.  
This COMPANY without union with any other has paid for compensation £65,000.  
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